THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
February 1, 1965 . . 35c

COPS AS ROBBERS

A Talk With Two Who Got Caught

Ralph Lee Smith

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

KLANTOWN, USA

Paul Good

TEACHERS ON THE MARCH

Myron Lieberman

Reviews & Essays

Dr. Rowse Meets Dr. Faustus
Anthony Burgess

Statesman From Madison Avenue
David Cort

Claude Mauriac — Vivian Mercier

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LETTERS

The wide blue air liners

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Although assigning my book [*The Abominable Airlines; The Nation,* Jan. 4] about the air-line industry to a pilot for review is like assigning Martin Bormann to review *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* I am complimented that you chose Karl M. Ruppenthal, who is no ordinary pilot.

He also is no ordinary reviewer, in my opinion, because he offers criticism in the true meaning of the word.

He is absolutely correct when he says that it is ridiculous to suggest that the pilot never looks out of his cockpit while landing, until the copilot tells him the runway is in sight; I cannot account for this error, which will be corrected in any subsequent editions.

He certainly is entitled to his opinion about the CAB's ruling requiring a third man in the cockpit, but my point —based on all I could find out about the matter—was that to base the decision on the weight of the aircraft was ridiculous. . . .

The principal point I tried to make with this book is that for thirty years a small group of men—the trunk airline operators—have operated a government-protected monopoly which has made them rich, with very flabby supervision from the responsible government agencies, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Aviation Agency (and its predecessor Civil Aeronautics Authority). . . . I don't think this is good, I don't think Mr. Ruppenthal thinks it is good. . . .

George Johnson

Sliver of truth

New York City

Dear Sirs: The thesis of Richard Kellerman's article, "The Political Impact of TV" [*The Nation,* Jan. 11] is that by conveying candidates' personal presences TV greatly and beneficently influences American politics. In the author's words, "The more we can see of men who have—or would have —power, the better informed we become." Serving this purpose, TV gives us "the truth: men as they really are when they appear in their world."

The thesis will not, I think, stand scrutiny. First of all, TV's exposure and clash of personalities is fascinating as a basis for gossip, but hardly gives us leverage on making real political decisions. . . . Second, the notion that TV presents us with the candidate as he "really is" is naive, to say the least. The classic sociological study of MacArthur's home-coming should have disposed of this notion. Television . . . shapes, distorts and otherwise filters "the facts" through the sensibilities of the medium's manipulators.

In short, the political impact of TV can be weighed accurately only if the medium's content and form are analyzed with subtlety and rigor. To say that TV brings us "the truth" because it can pan in on a smiling or scowling face is a mere sliver of the whole story.

Ronald Gross

Conservatives and conservation

Lexington, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I was glad to see "The St. Croix: Who Owns a River?" by Alfred D. Stedman [*The Nation,* Dec. 21]. I think you tend to neglect the importance of nature conservation as a liberal cause, at least relatively. This is an area in which many who think of themselves as conservatives can readily be won over to the liberal side. . . . It does not take many frustrating defeats in the conservation movement to see that only government intervention in the name of society as a whole can curb commercial greed. From this realization to becoming a liberal, or even a radical, is only a matter of generalization.

Armand Siegel

Cheap at the price

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Jonathan Kapstein ["Vietnam: In the French Footsteps," *The Nation,* Dec. 21] is a difficult man to please. "The U.S. Army," he writes, ". . . has never learned the French lesson," and to prove it he gives 100,000 as the number of French soldiers *killed* and 21,500 as the number of American soldiers *in* Vietnam. We haven't suffered one one-hundredth the dead the French did and we have a sizable minority of the Vietnamese themselves fighting our war and doing our torturing. If we need military expenditures of about $50 billion to prevent recession and unemployment, the money spent to kill Vietnamese is far more acceptable to U.S. taxpayers than 100,000 dead.

Richard P. Wiebe

Cease fire

New York City

Dear Sirs: In your editorial, "Speaking Out" [*The Nation,* Dec. 28] you commented on the Vietnamese war, and mentioned that "In New York a call has been issued for a negotiated peace . . ." and you then listed some of the sponsors of that call.

We deeply appreciate *The Nation's* continuing concern with the shocking situation in Vietnam, and your mention of that call, but you erroneously stated that our demand was for a negotiated peace. In fact, the statement called for an immediate cease fire on the part of American forces, and for their earliest withdrawal, along with negotiations. But our demand for a cease fire was *not* conditional upon negotiations.

David McReynolds
Field Secretary
War Resisters League

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Forgotten in Abundance?

The President's inaugural address was a simple, moving, slightly updated statement of the oldest and most persistent of our myths—the American Dream. It was all there: the old promises, the old ways, the old values, the old mission—all phrases that he used. To America came the exile and the stranger, the brave and the frightened, to build a new land in which "a man could be his own man . . . where each could be proud to be himself." America is "the uncrossed desert and the unclimbed ridge. It is the star not reached and the harvest sleeping in the unplowed ground."

One reason why the President could restate the Dream so convincingly and movingly is that he is himself a product of it. President Johnson is at all times himself and not some other person, and it is quite obvious that he takes pride in the fact that he is "his own man." It was good to note that the President also indicated an awareness of where the danger to the American Dream lies. "If we fail now," he said, "then we will have forgotten in abundance what we learned in hardship" — a thought on which he might well have expanded. The American Dream is more than a myth: it is the mystic bond of American unity. The rich, powerful and the well born must recite it, for it is to their interest that the rest of us should believe it. The poor, the outcast, the discriminated against must also recite it, because it is what they want to believe and also because, down the years, enough of them have realized its promise to keep the Dream very much alive and to make it the potent force for American unity that it has always been.

What the President suggests is that the Dream might be forgotten in abundance. But he could have used another word to better effect. Abundance is relative. The victims of the Irish potato famine who came to this country were doubtless convinced—and rightly so—that they had come to a land of milk and honey. The danger is not that in true abundance we might forget the burden the American Dream lays on all of us, but that it might well be forgotten in affluence. For affluence is an aborted, misdirected abundance; it produces waste and trivia, poverty and disaffection; it is dedicated to private wealth and public squalor. The affluent tend to be mindless, shut off from reality, lost in a surfeit of silly possessions and sillier pursuits. "If we succeed," the President added, "it will not be because of what we have, but what we are; not because of what we own, but what we believe." Again a refinement might be suggested: not "what we are" but what we hope to be; not "what we believe" but how we see ourselves and what we feel the American Dream should mean. "In our hearts," wrote Herman Melville, "we mold the whole world's hereafter, and in our own hearts we fashion our own gods. . . . We are precisely what we worship."

The Defense Budget

A Presidential defense message contains some predictable features. The Commander in Chief will stand before the people avowing his peaceful intentions; then, on his and their behalf, he will warn potential aggressors of the devastation that awaits them should they step on Uncle Sam's toes. The people will be grateful that war does not appear to be imminent, while realizing that wickedness is on the wing and great dangers threaten. They will, however, be reassured by the catalogue of fearsome weapons, and the promise of weapons still more horripilating to come. The format goes back many administrations and remains as serviceable as ever.

When the defense message touches on the military budget and items of armament, it also furnishes useful information. From this standpoint, and considering the peak to which military expenditures rose during the Kennedy administration, the present budget is not a bad one. The total is down a bit—$300 million below the last Johnson defense budget. The shelter program receives only lip service, reputedly against the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. No new fleet of supersonic bombers is contemplated; the aging B-52s will have to do, with only $300 million to keep them flying and the air-minded generals from mental suffering beyond endurance. For the missile-minded there is a brave spectacular—Poseidon! Polaris will be superseded—it packs only about a 0.8 megaton wallop and its range is only 2,300 miles in the latest model. It was good enough until the Russians began hardening their bases; now they will have to cope with a missile twice as accurate and with eight times the "kill capability." Cost: roughly $2 billion.

The President made it clear that, barring a crisis, defense spending will be a "declining portion of our expanding annual gross national product." With GNP growing at 5 per cent a year, an ever larger share of our national wealth can be diverted to the civilian sector. This might seem like bad news for defense contractors, but the defense budget does not tell all. Henry J. Kuss, Jr., deputy assistant secretary of defense for international logistics negotiations, reveals in the industry publication *Aerospace* that our military exports, which in 1960 totaled only $0.5 billion, increased to $3 billion between November, 1962, and November, 1964. We are arming thirty-five countries around the world and Mr. Kuss is happy to inform the aerospace industries that half or more of future orders will go to them. By 1967, Mr. Kuss predicts exports of $5.4 billion annually, and eventually this market should swell to between $10 billion and $15 billion annually.

This is a hefty sum to keep the world at peace, on top of $50 billion, more or less, in the domestic arms budget, and, a few scattered billions in military foreign aid, etc. "We are not a militaristic nation," the Presi-

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dent intoned in his defense message, "and we have long denounced the use of force in pursuit of national ambition." It is gratifying that he should say so, but we certainly are not above turning an honest dollar in supplying the world with arms, and we must have some occult sense which tells us that all these customers have intentions as peaceful as our own.

The New Word

"Great is the power of words," said Homer, and had he been privileged to be reincarnated in post-1945 U.S.A. he would have seen how right he was. "Isolationism" was once almost as bad a word as a man could utter in public—it did not comport with the cold war which filled private pockets and the national treasury in a wonderful reciprocal feed-back. For the same reason, "appeasement" was a dirty word; only traitors wanted anything like that. "Containment," however, was good, "rollback" was good though it never came off, and so on.

Now the potent word is "neo-isolationism." Its place is not yet definitive; it is a little bad on its face, but a synonym may be found which will be blessed by all.

The reason for being neo-isolationist is that all-out interventionism has met with small success in recent years. We have been the world's policeman, and our lot has not been a happy one. In Vietnam we tried to defend "freedom"; as a result everyone curses us, the Buddhists threaten to set themselves on fire again, and the government changes every few weeks. Our hostile policy toward Red China has not been rewarded; our allies are preparing to trade with her on a larger scale, Japan in particular biting the hand that fed her when she was prostrate. France has good relations with North Vietnam, which we are threatening to bomb, and have actually bombed by proxy in Laos. If we are isolated, we have isolated ourselves.

There are those, therefore, who do not fear the reproach of neo-isolationism and they seem to be a bipartisan lot. Walter Lippmann, a liberal Republican ("liberal" shows how a word can be good and bad at the same time), deplores the "scatteration" of United States resources and says if anyone wants to call him an out-and-out isolationist, he couldn't care less. Sen. J. William Fulbright, addressing the National Association of Secondary School Principals in Miami, asserts that we have allowed foreign preoccupations to interfere with our vital domestic concerns. The cold war, in this view, "has been an excuse as well as a genuine cause for the diversion of our energies from domestic well-being to external security. It has encroached upon our sovereignty; it has given the Communists the major voice in determining what proportion of our budget must be allocated to the military and what proportion therefore cannot be made available for domestic social and economic projects."

The civil rights demonstrations in the South were the beginning of the forced deflection of Washington's gaze from its entranced fixation on the cold war. The Negroes adopted "freedom now" as their slogan, thereby adapting the cold war to their own domestic ends. Theirs are the greatest injustices, but other groups in the United States also have needs and wants, and their eyes are open for any cold-war billions that may be released by a relaxation of tensions. Above all, people are bored with the cold war, its rhetoric, its slogans and its phony ideology. So new words are coming, with neo-isolationism as a harbinger. And whatever the new words are, they surely cannot be worse than the old ones.

A Noble Past

The scaffolding was up along Park Avenue and the wreckers had begun to remove the parquet floors, when the Marquesa de Cuevas swept in with a truly Renaissance simplicity and bought for $2 million two of the finest Federal Eclectic mansions left in America, which she will bestow on the city. The last-minute timing, the magnificence of the gesture—above all the surprise that any monument can be saved from the wreckers' ball in New York's current building boom—has made the Marquesa the heroine of the hour.

It must be noted, though, that her act of personal patronage is not the answer to saving the country's fine architecture. The Marquesa is a Rockefeller by birth, but not all the resources of that family—or of all the conspicuously wealthy families in the country—can halt the process of demolition. Just as an example, "Olana," the home and studio of Frederic Edwin Church, one of the country's memorable artists, is now threatened, and another $2 million are needed to save its structure and site high above the Hudson River. And a number of embattled women are now threatening to boycott Buicks, Chevrolets and Cadillacs if General Motors goes through with plans to replace the Savoy Plaza with another skyscraper tombstone. How many millions would it cost to reverse that decision?

Our monuments cannot be saved by rushing to each fire as it ignites. Programs must be instituted at the local, state and federal levels. (Mr. Johnson has declared his solicitude for the beauty of the land, and our heritage is not only what our fathers found here but what they made here.)

Above all, what is needed is a realization that we *have* a heritage. It has not occurred to most of us until very recently that this new country could have any substantial number of architectural sites worth preserving; we have been accustomed to going to Europe for that sort of thing. And now, when we begin to realize that we have a noble past, the pressure of population and the relentless techniques of construction are wiping the slate like some continental eraser.

In part, the crisis will have to be met by legislation. The right of eminent domain will have to be invoked to save, as well as to seize; and taxes will have to be adjusted to defend what we cherish. In part, also, we shall have to be ingenious in our designation of functions for the monuments we wish to hold. We cannot proliferate little museums and shrines all over the country, and we should not in any case, for buildings

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take on an embalmed air when so treated. But a great many buildings, particularly those in cities, can be adapted to new usefulness. For instance, the old Jefferson Market Courthouse in New York's Greenwich Village was rescued after a battle that approached melodrama and is being renovated as a branch library.

The urge to save the brick and mortar, shingle and clapboard reminders that we are a civilized nation is growing rapidly—almost every newspaper and magazine in the country gives evidence of the anxiety. We need now to act with our wits and through our representatives to frustrate those who think demolition a synonym for progress.

The Eclipse of Social Work

If the Great Society is not an empty slogan, if any creative compassion is left in the American way of life, the strike of welfare workers in New York City may ultimately have some beneficial effects. With almost 500,000 people on the rolls and a *daily* disbursement of $1,100,000 from city, state and federal sources, New York's welfare operation is big business—and a horrible example of how this business, or any other, should not be run. Yet it is no worse than the welfare mess in other cities, and better than in some of them.

Traditionally, social work had humanitarian aspects; its purpose was to benefit the needy and restore them to a useful place in society. All this has gone by the board. The political bosses of the welfare system see to it that no idealistic nonsense permeates the daily labors of the rank and file. The sole objective of the politicians is to convince the bankers and corporation presidents of the community that the job is being done at minimal cost, i.e., expenditures are just high enough to prevent unseemly spectacles, such as sit-ins at relief offices, hunger marches and the like. To this end, each investigator is assigned a minimum of sixty cases, and sometimes as many as 100. These appear to be nationwide averages, and though there may be localities where an investigator carries a lighter load, there are also some where more than 100 cases are the rule.

The result is that the investigator is simply a policeman or meter maid checking on violations; any curative role is ruled out by numbers alone. But the system makes up what it lacks in humanity by accumulating mountains of paper. In one of its useful roundups, *The Wall Street Journal* interviewed an investigator who recalled that twenty-four separate pieces of paper had to be filled out before one of her clients got her first check.

Contrary to a general impression, fraud is a minor factor in welfare expenditures. Illegitimacy, however, is a major factor. The role of the welfare investigator as a cop has been broadened in some cities to cope with this problem. In San Diego, investigators call on mothers receiving aid for dependent children at odd hours of the day and evening to be sure there is no "unauthorized" man in the house. This hardly adds to the splendor of the Great Society, but that is no concern of a welfare director.

What it comes down to is this: does society—any society, great or small—want welfare policemen and snoopers to be the custodians of its social conscience toward the poor and the homeless and the unfortunate, or does it want to carry on in the great tradition of American social work as exemplified by Jane Addams, Lillian D. Wald, Mary K. Simkhovitch, Graham Taylor, Harry Hopkins and Porter K. Lee?

Paris-Peking Trade

Marianne & the Dragon . . . . . Jan S. Prybyla

France's diplomatic and economic courting of Communist China is based on a typically de Gaullian long-range analysis of the international scene in which sober realism and grandiose delusion are about equally mixed. The realism is largely economic: France needs new export markets for its growing industries, and Communist China by virtue of its determination, if nothing else, looks very much like the right recipe for France's export hunger. Moreover, the "Anglo-Saxons" across the Channel are doing their level best to convince Peking to buy in England the very things France is eager to sell.

Trade with China—this promising market of 700 million people short on foreign exchange but long on ambition—is, therefore, for the French a matter of domestic importance and urgency. De Gaulle's lingering suspicion that the Anglo-Saxons speak with one voice (usually American), while they wheel and deal as best they can (often at French expense), makes American ideological pontifications sound hollow in French official ears. At this point the transition from realism to *mystique* is almost complete. France's need is the civilized world's interest, for each man has two countries: his own and France. The unconvinced regard France's hypothetical future influence in Southeast Asia with considerable misgivings, trade or no trade. They point out that most of the militant leaders of North Vietnam and China (and, they add, of Albania as well) are the products of France's seats of higher learning. It is no consolation that the Albanians read the *Peking Review* in its elegant French edition. If Chinese silks were exchanged for French *lycées* rather than for French fertilizer, and if the new generation of Chinese were to drink at the source of French culture not only avidly but deeply—which, it would seem, their fathers had never done—things might be different. As it

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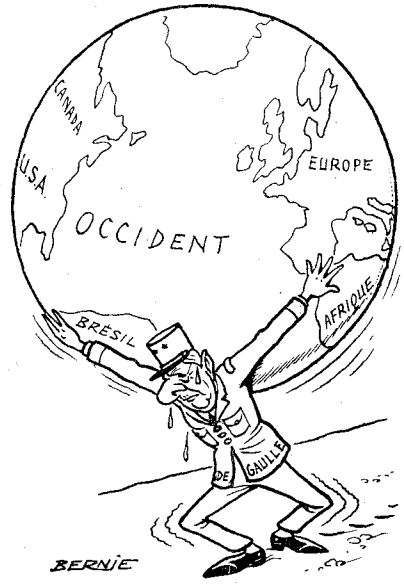
is, argue the irreverent, it is better to call matters by their name: a healthy respect for the franc (*ancien* or *nouveau*) is not foreign to French character, nor is it necessary to dress up in pompous phrases about culture and the intellect what is, after all, a perfectly normal preoccupation with money.

Like the cynics of Anglo-Saxon extraction, the Russians have their moments of ulcerous soul searching (which, as M. Peyrefitte might point out, goes to show that de Gaulle is right: we are all, even the Russians, Europeans under the skin). In blunt terms, the Soviets tax the Chinese with sounding off like Confucius and behaving like Trotsky. When the Russians strike a bargain or two with the West, they are accused by the self-righteous Chinese Puritans of selling out to the imperialists; when the Chinese do more of the same, it suddenly becomes a question of dealing creatively with the "intermediate zone," a makeshift concept of doubtful Marxist lineage, but useful to cover up the Chinese need for wheat, machines and fertilizer which the Soviets have since 1960 refused to fill. An "intermediate zoner" in Chinese, is a capitalist imperialist who sells sulphur-resistant pipe to Peking.

The French qualify. A Chinese petro-chemical mission which visited Paris in the early spring of 1964, combined side trips to the Louvre with a thorough inspection of French natural-gas processing equipment. Since the development of the Saharan oil fields and the natural-gas deposits of the Lacq region in southwestern France, the French have made impressive strides in chemical engineering. In fact, potential output of equipment has far outstripped demand, thus turning a technical achievement into a nagging economic headache. It happens that China's natural gas has a high sulphur content. The French have a transmission pipe that withstands sulphur-induced wear and tear. They can also offer equipment for oil refineries, automation installations, measuring, control and mining equipment, complete factories, plants for the production of natural gas, rolling mills for thin steel sheet, stainless tubes and sheet, and many other components of industrialization.

To acquaint Chinese buyers with French technical achievements, an exhibition of precision instruments was opened in Peking in September, 1964, under the sponsorship of a theoretically private but in fact semi-official body. This exhibition, the first such French-sponsored event to be held in China since the end of the war, will be followed in November, 1965, by a much more ambitious industrial fair in which all of France's major industries are expected to take part. For the Chinese, exhibitions of this kind are one means of securing technical in-



Aux Ecoutes, Ben Roth

formation, an objective high on China's scale of priorities. The French instrumentation exhibit was visited in the course of three weeks by more than 60,000 Chinese engineers, technicians, university professors and students. The Chinese made only one complaint: the French had not displayed the latest technical achievements. On January 11, 1964, the French enterprises, "Speichim" and S.A. Melle, concluded a contract with the China National Technical Import Corporation for the delivery of complete equipment for an N-butyl and ethylhexyl alcohol plant worth about $5 million.

France's emphasis on exports of capital equipment is understandable, not only because of the capacity ailments of the French producers' goods sector but also in view of the unbalanced pattern of French exports to China so far. France has joined Canada, Australia and Argentina in the great wheat rush to China which followed on Mao's commune debacle and Khrushchev's "I told you so" refusal to extend a helping Socialist hand. The Russians were hampered by their own virgin land problems and a tight foreign-exchange situation, yet while the grain may not have been there, neither was the necessary fraternal spirit. It was then that the "intermediate zone" came in handy: in 1961, 1962 and again in 1963, French exports to China consisted overwhelmingly of cereals (about 600,000 metric tons a year), with fertilizers a bad second, and organic chemical products a limping third. While trade in agricultural products and in the means to grow them may well continue at high levels for years to come, it is clearly in the French interest to buttress their commercial position in China with industrial goods the demand for which is likely to be less unpredictable, and in which France has a slight competitive edge.

The trouble with sales to China is that the Chinese are apparently not overburdened with foreign exchange. However, though China's precise foreign-exchange situation remains a closely guarded military secret, a careful study of Peking's Hong Kong, Macao, Ceylon and Malaysia trade, and of China's net trade balance with Western Europe, would indicate that the situation is not desperate by long odds. And if worst comes to worst, there is always the possibility of exporting silver. Moreover, the Chinese have in recent years learned quickly the techniques of trade with highly developed countries—something, incidentally, that the Soviets in their autarchic state of mind failed for decades to do.

Capitalist imperialists, even of the intermediate-zone variety, suffer, or as the case may be benefit, from rapid changes in demand induced by huge advertising expenditures. An intermediate zoner is fickle in his tastes, and however degenerate his flippancy may look to Socialist fundamentalists, they have to live with it if they want grain and turbines. Naturally, this puts a strain on them; they must make exotic Oriental foods (e.g., frozen sweet pork, rose-colored rice wine "to help digestion and render you happy and refreshed"), labor over carved teak chests for the bourgeois, and carved ivory figures for Madame's *vitrine*, shake Mandarin cocktails, and weave bright kimo-

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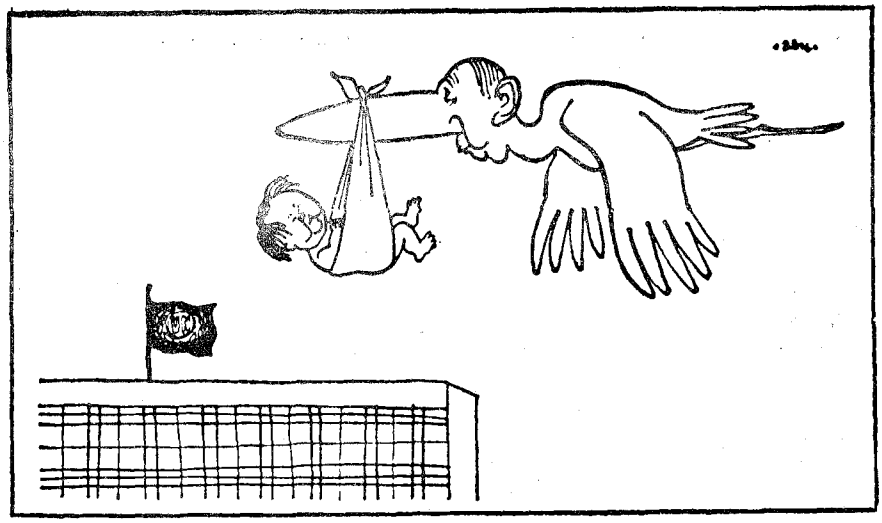
nos of select silk for anyone who cares to wear them today and give them to the concierge tomorrow. The moral and physical cost of industrialization is high: the makers of silk kimonos dress in padded felt uniforms, and the packers of frozen kumquats fight hunger pains as best they can. The blue ants of Chinese socialism burrow under the intermediate zoner's frivolity.

Of course, Chinese toil would be of little commercial consequence without help from French officialdom. What is needed here is bank credit on a large and rising scale. Jacques Duhamel, a member of the French National Assembly and of the quasi-private organization in charge of the French technical exhibition in Peking, estimates that the China market currently represents for the West annual sales of some $700 million, of which France takes about $60 million. In the absence of American incursions into the market, France expects to raise her share to an annual $200 million worth of goods and technical services. This increase, not to speak of an expansion in total Chinese purchases from the West, presupposes the granting by France and other Western countries of substantial medium and long-term credits to cover Peking's recurrent trade deficit in her dealings with France, Canada, Australia, Belgium, Italy and Argentina. French recognition of Communist China early in 1964 removed one major obstacle to the proposed extension of credit, while China's scrupulous settling of her debts, not only to the West but also to her Soviet and Eastern European trading partners, further encouraged moves in the direction of a more liberal credit policy. It is interesting that France's four nationalized banks were represented on the committee that initiated the 1964 French industrial exhibit in China, and that European (including French) banks have helped finance Chinese grain purchases in Argentina and elsewhere, almost certainly with the knowledge and approval (and possibly active support) of their governments.

Petroleum products as well as drilling and refinery equipment are high on the Chinese list of import priorities. Until the Sino-Soviet break, the USSR and Rumania were duopolistic suppliers of these key goods to China. After the break,



Abu, The Observer (London)

Albania emerged as a petroleum seller, but the relatively low quality of its crude oil, the strain which transport put on hard-pressed Chinese shipping, and—in the absence of Soviet capital-goods exports to Albania — the uncertain future of the Albanian crude-oil industry, made Sino-Albanian relations in this sector a matter of political good will rather than a sound economic proposition.

The emergence of Algeria as an independent power favorably disposed toward Communist China and the regularization of Sino-French diplomatic relations converged to remove some of the pressure from the Chinese oil dilemma. At the same time, misunderstanding within the Soviet-sponsored Council for Mutual Economic Aid (Comecon) made Rumania more attentive to Chinese offers. The Rumanians had never taken kindly to Soviet pressures for something resembling an economic boycott of dissident China. Continued sales of petroleum products are for Rumania a matter of domestic importance, and perfectly correlated with the Rumanian leadership's maverick interpretation of Communist developmental strategy. China's current production of crude oil is estimated at between 6 and 8 million tons per annum (the higher figure being Chinese, the lower Comecon's), and consumption needs are nearer 10 million tons. In the midst of the Sino-Indian conflict, the Soviets cut off their exports of high-grade petroleum products to China, and Rumania's sales fell from about 1 million tons in 1963 to a mere 400,000 tons in 1964, in spite of Rumanian fretting. It would appear that for Rumania some of the sting was taken out of what, after all, was pure political blackmail on the part of the Soviets by the prospect of increased Rumanian petroleum sales to Italy. For China, however, the problem remained intense. The Chinese are nowadays boasting that they are "substantially" self-sufficient in oil, but if true this may reflect a temporary moratorium on the ambitious industrialization plans of the giddy fifties.

China needs not only petroleum products now, but refinery equipment in the future, and France stands ready to supply both, either directly (equipment) or through Algeria (oil). The main obstacle to the execution of the project consists in the modalities of payment. A triangular arrangement, whereby France would extend credit to Algeria for the purchase of Chinese goods in exchange for oil, cannot be excluded as a probable subject of Chou En-lai's conversations with Ben Bella in Algiers, Edgar Faure's talks with Mao Tse-tung in Peking, the Chinese Petroleum and Natural Gas Production and Treatment delegation's four-week visit to France in the early months of 1964, and a return visit to China by a team of French petroleum experts in November of that year. A frequently mentioned estimate of China's petroleum import needs puts these at about 3 million tons per year. A consortium of French firms has been assiduously bidding for a contract to build an oil refinery in China, and contracts for the sale of exploration equipment were concluded late last year.

One of the costs involved in Pe-

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king's prolonged dependence on Soviet imports has been the lack of expertise on the part of Chinese negotiators in dealing on the international markets. This was particularly evident in the market for ship charters, where for some years the Chinese had been getting less than the best rates. The 1963 entry of the Soviet Union into the market for charter shipping to carry wheat bought in Canada, the United States and elsewhere has made matters more difficult for the Chinese, whose own cargo fleet is both modest and relatively antiquated. To transport the grain purchased overseas, the Chinese had been obliged to charter more than 2 million tons of shipping at a most unpropitious time. They began to fight the problem in 1957-58 by purchasing a considerable number of World War II bottoms and by speeding up loading and unloading operations in their major ports. China's shipbuilding was put on a priority footing while efforts were made to find ship suppliers in the West.

In this case the timing was opportune since shipyards in Britain, France, the Netherlands, Japan and the Scandinavian countries had been in the doldrums for some years. Without new orders, St. Nazaire, La Ciotat and Dunkerque could well become centers of political opposition to Gaullism, just as Glasgow and Hull have turned sour on Britain's Conservatives. The Chinese, in the meantime, have learned their lesson well: a French delegation of shipbuilders that visited Peking in March, 1964, found the Chinese hard and astute bargainers. Competitive offers from Japan were mentioned in passing, a reference which sent the Frenchmen scurrying back to their government with urgent appeals for credit guarantees. The Chinese have also developed a keen sense of political timing. In September of last year, the Toulon Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée shipyards announced that as of November 1, almost 400 workers would be laid off. While 15,000 people were staging a silent vigil at the yards to protest this measure, Peking announced that it was ready to buy two 16,000 dwt. freighters, one of them from the afflicted shipyard. The Chinese also let it be known that they planned to order a liner from the St. Nazaire dockyards.

The precipitous decline in Sino-Soviet trade since 1960 has caused the Chinese serious land and air transportation problems, not to mention the frustration resulting from the grounding of China's Soviet-built combat planes. In spite of rising grain imports from abroad, China continues to rely heavily on her inland grain production to feed the populous coastal cities, and in the absence of an adequate road network, rail freight is of paramount importance in carrying out this task. The French are in a position to supply railroad cars and engines, as well as small agricultural machinery, which could be used with good effect on the farms of the coastal region, thus relieving somewhat the hard-pressed hinterland and the overworked trunk railroad lines. Since 1957, China has purchased 665 Berliet trucks from the French company's Moroccan and Algerian subsidiaries.

In the face of strong British competition, the French have been pushing hard to sell about thirty de-Americanized "Caravelle" jet air liners to the Chinese, whose interest in entering international air transport is growing. Most versions of the "Caravelle" are equipped with American engines, automatic pilot, pressurized systems and some other ancillary equipment. The U.S. embargo on exports to Communist China thus presents the French with a delicate political and technical problem. The difficulty, of course, is not insuperable, given the readiness of several European suppliers (e.g., Rolls Royce) to step into the breach. The manufacture of the "Caravelle" has been losing money; a sale of some thirty of these craft to China would get the Sud Aviation Company out of the red. When the "Caravelle" deal fell through, almost at once, the French began thinking about sales to China of the Franco-British "Concord" supersonic jet liner; the British, who aren't sure whether they want to go through with the joint arrangement anyway, became apprehensively alert.

Whatever the rationalization of France's economic relations with Communist China in cultural and pseudo-ideological terms (M. Courbot, president of the Paris Chamber of Commerce and Industry, spoke recently of France's "sentimental" ties to China), France's immediate domestic economic interest takes precedence. The French have been both quick and relatively successful in securing a foothold in a market from which, for different reasons, the world's two leading powers have shied away. Not unlike the Albanians, they also enjoy the psychological satisfaction of having snubbed big brother.

COPS AS ROBBERS . . . . . Ralph Lee Smith

Having asked psychologists, sociologists and criminologists why policemen become criminals, I decided that I wanted to put the question to the men themselves — to cops who had turned robbers and been caught. I phoned the warden of the state penitentiary where ex-policemen John Blake and Robert Hastings were serving time, and asked if I might see them. "Come on down," the warden said. "We'll have them ready in the conference room and you can talk with them as long as you like."*

I arrived early the next morning. After being passed through a series of three electrically operated iron-barred gates, I came into the receiving room, where I was quickly and expertly "shaken down" by a guard and the contents of my brief case were minutely scrutinized. I talked briefly with the warden and was then led to the conference room where the men were waiting for me. The prison guard left and the three of us were alone.

Blake and Hastings stood up tall and straight and shook hands with me without smiling. They were wearing faded blue dungarees with

*The prisoners' names, and a few minor details of their stories, have been changed. Everything else is recorded here as they said it.

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their state prison numbers stenciled on both shirt and pants. I had no trouble envisioning them wearing the uniform and badge of policemen; the picture of them robbing stores and warehouses in the dark night was harder to call up.

I explained that I wasn't interested in the details of their cases—I could read those in the newspaper clips. What I hoped to find out was the atmosphere of the police department and the community. Among other things, I wondered if thefts by the police could go on without others in the department knowing of them. Both men smiled.

"There's no doubt in my mind that lots of people knew," said Blake, and Hastings nodded.

"Did the public know?" I asked.

"The public doesn't care," said Blake. "They tend to despise police and to assume that cops have got their hands in the till. People are glad to see us if their daughters are being raped, but generally their interest in the police and their opinion of us are pretty low."

"There are other problems," said Hastings. "You can usually assume that you make at least one enemy every time you handle a case properly. Nobody likes a cop to stop them for speeding, much less some of the other things you catch leading citizens doing. After five or six years on the force you have made a lot of enemies in the community. I think this contributes to public dislike of the police. A policeman gets little support for doing his job well. To be a good cop you have to know that you will be backed when you do the right thing. You usually get no such backing from the community. What they say in the Rotary Clubs and what happens out in the squad car or on the beat at night are two different things. And you not only have little community backing for doing your job, but all too often you can't count on the backing of the higher echelons of the department itself."

"Do you feel that any of this contributed to the situation in which the police scandal took place?"

"Well, there's such a thing as getting too fancy about it," Blake smiled. "No one stuck a gun in my back and told me that I had to steal." His comment reminded me of what the warden had said to me just before I entered the conference room: "They have gotten along all right in the prison population. They aren't going around blaming the world. They have regrets but no excuses."

"When did you join the force?" I asked Blake.

"In 1951. After high school I did construction work and then took out a general contractor's license. I was doing all right but I had always wanted to be a policeman. I took a big cut in income when I joined the force."

"When did you first get an inkling that things weren't all on the up and up?"

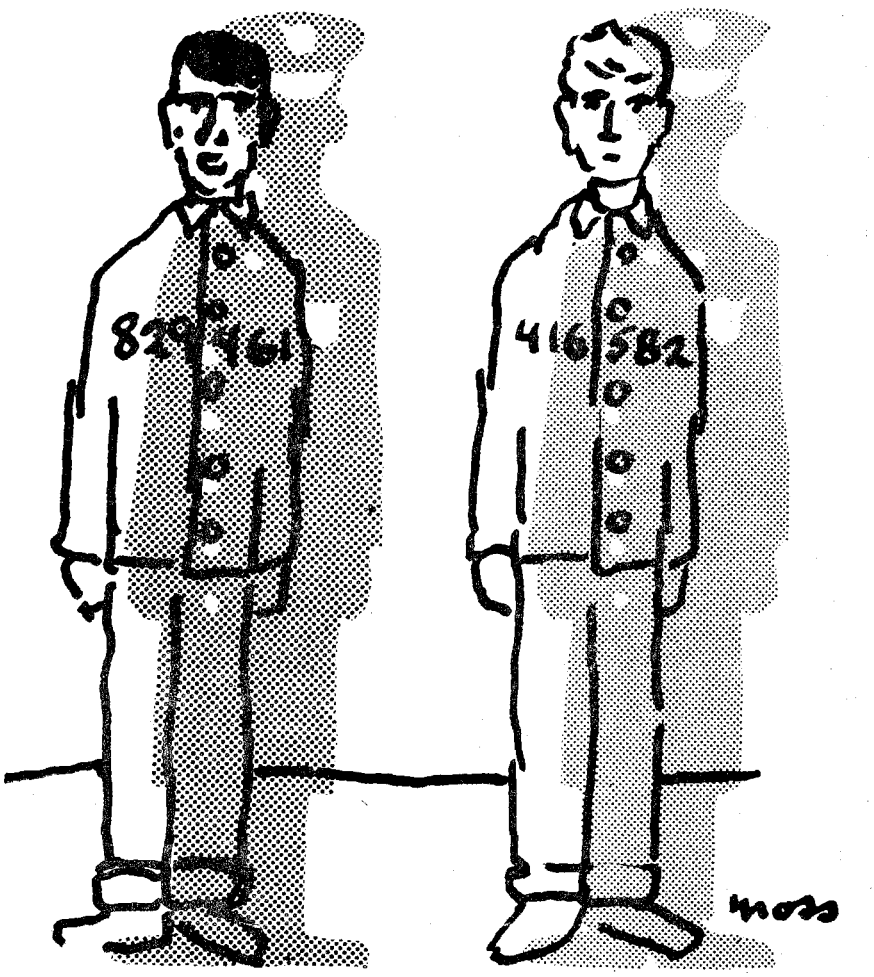
"It didn't take long. We had four months of training, and then went on the job as probationary patrolmen. I was a pretty eager cop, and right away I caught two burglars stealing a generator from a warehouse. It turned out that they were both policemen. What could I do? I was a rookie on probation and it would have been my word against theirs. On the force, if you don't shut up and go along, you don't last out your probation. One or two bad reports on you filed by veteran cops and you're dropped without even being told why."

"What about you?" I asked Hastings.

"I liked the idea of being a cop too," he said. "I quit high school in the tenth grade and went to work as a guard in the City Jail. Then I spent three years in the army as an MP. I liked it. When I got out of the service I went to work in the county sheriff's office. I thought a lot of the sheriff and he liked me. One day he came to me and said, 'Bob, they're giving exams for openings on the city police force. Why don't you go down there and take them? I think you'd make a good cop.' So I took the exams, passed them, and joined the force. That was in 1953."

"What was your pay?"

"It was just under $300 a month. My wife and I had one child then. We had talked it over and had decided that we could squeak through



Ralph Lee Smith obtained the interviews quoted in this article while collecting material for The Tarnished Badge, *to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell in March. Mr. Smith is the author previously of* The Bargain Hucksters, *also published by Crowell.*

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somehow until I became a first-class patrolman and got a little more pay. I have to admit that it would have been hard for me to choose something that paid less."

"When did you first get wind of odd goings-on?"

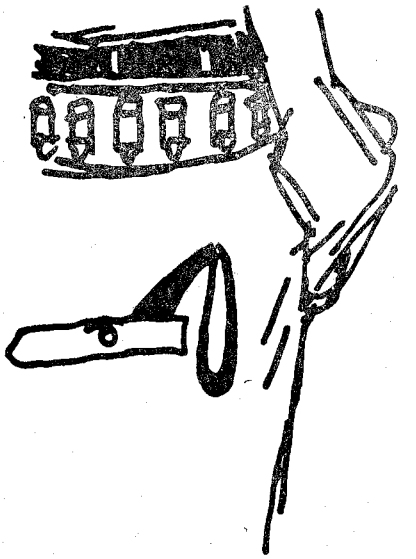
"Well, I went through the four-week training period, which wasn't much of anything. Then I was assigned as a probationary patrolman, and rode in a patrol car with a senior officer from whom I was supposed to learn the ropes.

"A few nights later I was driving the car, and my partner told me to pull into a parking lot. The lot was dark, the attendants had gone home, and nobody was around. My partner got out, walked down the line of parked cars, and smashed in the wing window of one of them with his night stick. He reached in, unlocked the door, and removed from the seat a portable sewing machine and a Norelco electric razor. He took the sewing machine and put it in the trunk of the police car. 'My old lady's been wanting one of these,' he explained. Then he tossed the Norelco razor to me. He must have seen the expression on my face because he said, 'If you tell, I'll say you did it. Who are they going to believe—a rookie like you, or me? Take the razor, kid, and don't be worried.'

"I couldn't sleep when I got off duty that night. I didn't know what to do or what to think. For one thing, there's a strong feeling that policemen have, that you are loyal to your fellow cops. For another thing, I knew that he was right—if I squealed on him the only person who would get hurt would be me.

"The next day I took that Norelco razor and I threw it in the river. Then I went to see my old boss, the sheriff, whom I respected so much. 'Sheriff,' I said, 'I don't want to rat on anybody and I ask you please not to force me to rat. All I want to say is, there are things going on that I don't like and I don't want any part of. What I want to know is, can I please have my old job back here in the sheriff's office, working for you?'

"His reply bowled me over. 'I know what you mean, son,' he said. 'I know what's going on. Everyone knows what's going on. Stick it out. You don't have to participate in it if you don't want to. After you've put in a year, you can ask for a



transfer to the traffic division if you want, or you can drive your own patrol car.'

"I spent quite a few days trying to absorb these revelations that were coming to me. I was terribly disoriented and upset. You may think I was naive, but when I joined the force I had no idea that this was the way things were run."

"When did the next revelation come?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I began to learn more about how things worked. You couldn't always expect to be backed up. When I had been on the force a little while a kid patrolman came to me very upset. He had issued a ticket for speeding to the editor of one of the local papers. This editor swings a lot of weight and the police brass don't want to be on the bad side of him. He had been roaring along the highway to the airport to catch a plane and the kid patrolman had flagged him down. The next day the kid was called in and told that he was being reassigned. He was taken out of the car and was put on a night beat in one of the roughest parts of town. The kid loved to drive the car and loved being a highway cop, but there was nothing anybody could do about it." (The newspaper of which this man is editor, incidentally, conducted a lofty campaign to "weed out police corruption" when Blake and Hastings were apprehended stealing.)

"Did you have any political problems?" I asked Blake.

"I got into trouble on a job I was doing on the East Side," Blake said. "It was a rough area and there were lots of muggings, rollings and break-ins. One day the lieutenant called in me and another fellow and said, 'We're assigning you two to night duty in this area. It's a rough situation, and I want you to get in there and break it up.' The other fellow and I liked the assignment, and we decided that we *would* break it up. When cops make a decision like that you'd be surprised what they can do.

"After a few nights on the beat we noticed that certain groups of guys were hanging around together at various places, apparently doing nothing, just hanging around. We found out who most of those guys were and where they lived. We began to watch their movements very closely. Within two months we had caught more than half of them in the act, rolling, mugging and breaking in. The rest of the gang started to break up and drift away — the word was out that the new cops meant business. The crime rate in that little area we were working started to drop. We were cited for our work, and the councilman for the area was tickled to death. He came to our C.O., and he said, 'That guy Blake has done a great job in my district. I want him promoted to detective as of the first of the month.' My C.O. called me in and told me I was being promoted.

"But a few nights later on my beat I saw a commotion in a gutter outside a bar. The councilman's sister-in-law owns the bar, and every once in a while she would get drunk and would go on a tear. Well, there she was, drunk, beating some drunk fellow who was lying in the gutter, with the spike of her high-heeled shoe, and really hurting him plenty. I arrested her and charged her with creating a disturbance. In the station house she screamed at me that her brother-in-law had the right connections in town and she would see to it that I paid for what I had done. When she went before the municipal judge he immediately dismissed the charges against her. The next day my C.O. called me in and said that due to circumstances beyond his control my appointment to the detective bureau had been canceled."

"Did you ever walk a beat?" I asked Blake.

"No," he said, "I continued in the car, and I began to see more and more. One thing is, the very nature of a policeman's work brings him up against terrific temp-

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tations. I got a really clear picture of this one night soon after the parking-lot incident.

"My partner and I noticed that the door of a small uptown shop was open. We radioed the dispatcher that we were entering. That's standard procedure. If you are going to enter a premises in the line of duty you call the dispatcher to tell him. He usually sends out a covering car with a sergeant or lieutenant in it to give you help or protection if you need it. Well, we radioed the dispatcher, then we pulled up the car and went in with our guns drawn. A thing like that is a real kind of case—you never know if some shots are going to start coming at you from some dark corner. But nobody was there.

"We put up our guns and my partner walked to the safe and started fiddling carefully with the dial. The door popped right open. 'I thought so,' he said. 'They left it on day lock. When they do that, all you have to do is turn it to one right number and she opens.' He reached inside and pulled out a wad of money. Then he looked at me with complete earnestness. 'You know, John,' he said. 'They don't lose a thing. They will claim it on their insurance — in fact, they'll claim more than they lost, and they'll get it without question. Now don't tell me that you can't use a little of this.' We ended up splitting it, and we gave some to the sergeant who came down to cover the case. He needed some too. It was the first money I took. I wasn't 'hooked' yet—that is, I wasn't a regular thief or burglar. But I had taken my first stolen money.

"Soon after that my partner and I surprised a couple of guys hauling some merchandise out of a warehouse. We caught them in a dark alley, drew our guns, and told them to get their hands up. They quickly identified themselves—they were policemen. My partner and I put up our guns. I suddenly realized that I probably didn't care very much any more. I was closer to being hooked."

He stopped for a moment, and took out a cigarette. It remained unlit in his hand as he went on.

"It's funny," he said, "but I think the thing that hooked me was the thing that happened a few nights later. It was a small thing, nothing compared to the kinds of jobs we were in after that. But you know,

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we were talking about the revelations I had. This was my next revelation, and it brought me in contact with the business community of the town.

"One night my partner and I were cruising down a dark alley late at night. A light snow was falling, and it had been falling since about 8 P.M. There were no tire tracks or footprints in the alley. Suddenly I noticed that the back door of a warehouse seemed to be open about a foot. There was a timber jammed up against it. It looked as if the door had drifted open a short way until it had been stopped by the timber.

" 'Stop the car,' I said to my partner. He stopped the car, we put the spotlight on the door, and I walked over. There was no sign that the door had been forced. Still, I liked to do things thoroughly. 'Call the dispatcher and tell him I'm entering,' I said. Then I went in and turned on the light.

"It was a small warehouse belonging to a manufacturer of fur coats. There were coats on racks and piles of skins around. Things were in order and I saw no sign of burglary.

"In a few minutes the lieutenant pulled up in a second car, and he had the owner of the place with him. The owner came in and walked halfway down the center aisle. Suddenly he gasped.

" 'My God!' he said. 'They're gone!'

" 'What's gone?' I asked.

" 'Over against the wall there,' he said excitedly. 'I had piles of skins on pallets. They're gone!'

" 'Pallets and all?'

"He didn't bat an eyelash. 'Pallets and all!' he said.

" 'How many skins were there?'

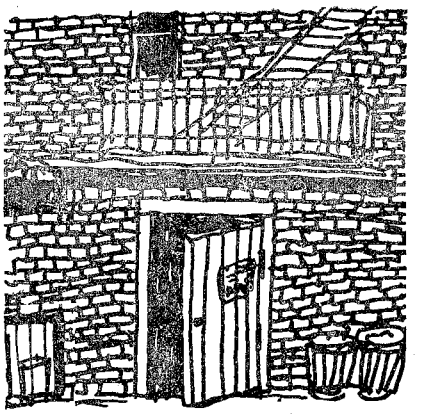
" 'A couple of hundred of them.'

" 'What were they worth?'

" 'Between $6 and $7.50 each.'

"This meant a loss of $1,200 to $1,500. I was skeptical. 'Look,' I said. 'I don't think anybody took anything here. There's no sign that the door was forced. It's been snowing since about 8 P.M. and there were no footprints or car tracks of any kind anywhere in the alley before my partner and I pulled in here.'

"He turned on me furiously. 'Are you doubting my word?' he shouted. Then he looked at me and his tone changed. 'By the way,' he said with a smile, 'do you fellows know



your wives' sizes? We're grateful to you for the protection you give us. I'd like to give you each a coat for what you've done here.'

"I don't know if you can understand it. But somehow that was the end. 'Yes,' I said, 'I know my wife's size and I'll take one.'

" 'What about your patrol partner?' the man asked.

" 'He'll take one too,' I said.

" 'And how about the lieutenant outside?'

" 'I *know* he'll take one,' I said—and I was right.

"After we had all gotten our coats the lieutenant said to me, 'Fill out a loss report.' I filled it out, describing the loss just the way the man told me, and the man signed it.

"The next day the loss report went through the detective bureau and a detective called me in. 'Do you think that stuff was really stolen?' he asked me. 'I don't know,' I told him. 'All I know is, if you want a nice new fur coat for your wife you can go over there and get one.' The detective promptly went over and got himself a coat. The loss report went in to the insurance company and the insurance company paid off with no muss or fuss."

I turned to Hastings. "Did you run into things like that?" He nodded. "After we got going regularly on our burglaries," he said, "businessmen would come to us and would make it clear that they wouldn't mind if somebody came along and broke into their places. They would even tell us how much money a thief could expect to find if he broke in on a given night. When we would crack the places, sure enough, there would be just the amount of money they said. It was sort of our pay. The owners of the places would then file insurance claims for amounts larger than they had lost, and the claims would always be paid. We used to be able to compare what we actually got with the claims that the owners made."

"Did you continue to do good police work when you weren't involved in 'jobs'?" I asked.

"Well, yes and no," Hastings replied. "You can put a cop in a car or on a beat but you can't make him work. How much he sees is up to him. You can be on the job for eight hours, and you can see everything, or you can see nothing. It may seem odd to you, but all the while Blake and I were in these things, we were also cops, and we liked it, and we wanted to be good ones. We soon learned not to get mixed up in certain kinds of trouble, and not to report certain things. Our progress on the force, and our security, and our pensions, depended more on what we didn't do in those areas than on what we did do. But where we could, we did good work. A fellow who had pulled a number of burglaries while he was a cop on the force shot it out one night with some real burglars. He had walked into one of those open-door things, like Blake was telling you about, and there were three burglars in there who had the drop on him and started shooting. He shot back, killed one, and captured the other two while catching a slug in his arm. He risked his life to protect that place from a burglary, when it might just as well have been him who was doing the job!

"During one year I had a cruising partner in my car who wasn't a burglar," said Hastings. "It was great and we did good work. In that year I made fourteen major felony arrests, and one of them cracked a big major national pornography ring. It felt good to wear a badge in that year."

"Does the pay problem have a lot to do with police corruption?" I asked.

They were surprisingly hesitant in giving their answer. "To some extent," Blake finally said. "I think that where the pay problem makes the biggest difference is in the initial recruiting. It greatly limits the number and kind of people that will go on the force. Our force was so hard-pressed to get recruits that they were taking many immature

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young fellows. Now if there's one thing I think a policeman needs it's maturity and common sense. Twenty-two is very young to toss a kid into the kind of thing we found ourselves in, without much experience and with a deep desire to 'make the grade' in the esteem of the older men. A kid that young wants to be accepted by the big boys on the force. If the big boys are cracking safes the kid will be a little horrified, but he'll think that the mature thing to do is to hide your little-baby reaction and be cool like the big fellows.

"Also, we got a fair number of people on the force who had turned to the police because nobody was willing to pay them a decent wage. I admit that after you joined the force your money problems would tempt you to steal, but I think a much more important factor was the kind of people we got on the force in the first place because of the low pay and the low community opinion of the work."

"Blake is right, we used to get quite a collection," said Hastings. "And the police brass paid little attention to all kinds of obvious things about these people. For instance, out of every graduating class of twenty-five new rookies, two or three would go out and buy saps. You know what they are?"

I shook my head.

"A sap is a little thing 4 or 5 inches long, covered with leather, with lead inside it. It has a thong on it and you can carry it in your hand. You can kill a man with a sap, and they are illegal. But out of every class several guys would buy them, and would carry them around quite openly on the job, and none of the higher-ups ever said a thing. You'd think they'd be a lot more alert to spot the kind of guy who took that kind of approach to his work, but they weren't. They couldn't afford to—recruits were too scarce.

"Then there are the gun-conscious guys. They think about their gun all the time. You can spot them a mile off. There are some of them on the force, and these are guys who are looking for a chance to shoot, and who are going to shoot somebody sooner or later in a situation where it isn't necessary. Nothing is done about these guys; nobody pays any attention and they stay on the force along with everybody else."

"Would you go back on the force again if everything could be wiped clean?" I asked.

You couldn't help noticing the flicker of light in their eyes, but they shook their heads no.

"I loved being a cop," said Blake, "and I'll always feel that way. Once you have worn that badge you're a cop at heart all your life, no matter what you do or no matter where you end up—even here. But let me say something that will sound funny to you. I'd rather be here in this jail than be on the force. Here you get the feeling that there is justice at the top. You do your work well here and it's noticed. You stay out of trouble and you do your work and before long you have a better job, a more responsible one. They aren't giving you anything free, but they are sitting back waiting to see how you turn out. If you turn out all right and if you work hard, they come right along and meet you halfway. That's the difference—here you feel that that guy at the top is tough but fair. And you feel that nobody is going to get to him behind your back and sell him a bill of goods or persuade him not to back you if you're doing O.K. It's a relief.

"Liking of police work is something I'll never lose. But the real truth is, after ten years on the force, I'm afraid I had reached the point of feeling, 'Nobody else cares, and why the hell should I'?"

Teachers on the March

THE MILITANT MICE . . . . . Myron Lieberman

Few people would regard teachers as a militant group. In their efforts to improve their conditions of employment, or the conditions of education generally, public schoolteachers, like other public employees, are more restricted than workers in private employment. Furthermore, teaching is still a predominantly female occupation, characterized by a high rate of turnover, and it is difficult to organize such occupations effectively or to get them to adopt a vigorous strategy to achieve their objectives. Also, as a white-collar group particularly sensitive to their "professional" status, teachers have tended to avoid what they regard as "union" tactics. In reality, there is no substantive difference between the tactics employed by unions and by professional associations, but most teachers think there is or ought to be.

The outcome of this confusion has been to influence teachers away from the more direct forms of employee pressure, such as the strike, and toward more genteel methods which are semantically satisfying but practically ineffective. A recent study by the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that there were only ninety-one strikes by public schoolteachers from 1940 to 1962, and that these caused a loss of 251,660 man-days during the twenty-two-year period. By contrast, a single strike at General Motors during 1945-46 cost the economy 22,200,000 man-days.

In the light of the record, the widespread outbreak of teacher strikes and threatened strikes during the past year, and especially since the November, 1964, elections, suggests that new factors have come into play. In Kentucky, New Jersey, Georgia and Oklahoma, areas hardly characterized by militant teachers' organizations, strikes actually occurred. In Pawtucket, R. I., a six-day strike took place in October and a second one was narrowly averted in November. In East St. Louis, four-day strikes were called in September and again in October. In Louisiana, school boards granted teachers time off to petition the legislature. In Utah, a statewide boycott of the public schools appears to have been averted by the election victories of legislators favorably inclined toward substantial improvements in teacher welfare. In

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New York City, the United Federation of Teachers is already threatening to strike if the Board of Education does not make a better offer in their ongoing negotiations. In Philadelphia, teachers' organizations threatened to strike or boycott schools unless the Board of Education agreed to conduct a representation election among the city's 10,000 teachers. Even teachers in American schools in France, Germany, Spain and Japan have urged strikes to improve conditions of employment.

And where there is no strike or thought thereof, teachers seem to be taking other aggressive positions toward their school boards that are at sharp variance with traditional attitudes. There are three basic reasons, I think, why teachers are likely to continue in this unwonted manner for some time to come. One is the breakdown of outmoded procedures, or lack of procedures, for determining conditions of employment in education. Another is a continuing reliance upon anachronistic ways of raising and distributing school revenues. Third and far from least is the rivalry between the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers for the organizational allegiance of about 1.8 million public schoolteachers. Any one of these factors would be a potent cause of teacher militancy; together, they are generating powerful pressures for change in American education.

In most if not all states, teachers are legally permitted to form organizations to advance their own welfare and the cause of good education. The reason for the qualification is that state courts in Illinois (1917) and Washington (1930) upheld the right of school boards to make nonmembership in a teachers' union a condition of employment. However, these decisions would probably not be upheld today, even in the states where they were made. At present, although there is considerable opposition in some states, especially at the local level, to teacher unions, there is no serious legal question as to the right of teachers to organize.

This right is extremely important. However, if it is to be meaningful, it must be accompanied by other rights. More specifically, unless the employees' right to form organizations is accompanied by the employers' obligation to recognize and

negotiate with them, employees find it extremely difficult to improve their conditions through collective action. And it is precisely at this point that the relationship breaks down in education. For the most part, school boards are completely free of the basic legal obligations that give strength and meaning to employee organizations in private employment.

School boards in most states are under no compulsion to recognize teachers' organizations. True, many boards do consult with them, but the balance of power is hopelessly one-sided, since the boards may terminate such discussions at their pleasure.

In fourteen states, school boards are required or permitted by statute to confer with teacher representatives concerning conditions of employment. However, Wisconsin is currently the only state in which the boards must bargain in good faith (as distinguished from consulting or conferring).

In private employment both management and labor are legally obliged to execute a written contract covering the agreements reached in collective bargaining. On the other hand, only seven states expressly authorize (and none requires) public agencies within their jurisdiction to sign collective agreements with their employees. Indeed, such agreements have been declared illegal in twelve states.

The legal argument for prohibiting collective agreements or binding arbitration between teachers and school boards is that such undertakings would be an illegal delegation of legislative authority, permitting someone other than the school board to make binding decisions on matters which are the legal prerogative and responsibility of the board. Most contemporary legal authorities who have considered the matter dispute this reasoning. Legally, school boards have such powers as are expressly granted them by the state legislatures, as are reasonably implied or necessarily incidental to those expressly granted, and which are essential to the express purposes for which school boards were established. It seems absurd to argue that a school board can negotiate for a school site or the services of a consultant or a school survey, and not about the working conditions of its teachers. But in fact, school boards that have accepted binding arbitration in controversies concerning school construction have occasionally contended that they could not accept binding arbitration in matters affecting teacher personnel.

By 1962, eleven states had passed statutes making strikes by public employees illegal, and in four others, such strikes had been ruled illegal by their state supreme courts. In the remaining states, there is no statute or court decision on the issue, but although there is precedent and ample justification for the view that such strikes are legal in the absence of contrary legislation, public opinion invariably assumes that teachers' strikes are illegal. Some persons erroneously hold that there can be no collective bargaining without the right to strike. This view assumes that the threat to strike is the only weapon teachers would have to back up their side of a negotiation. However, other forms of pressure are obviously available to teachers. Boycotts and refusal to accept both paid and unpaid voluntary assignments are just a few of the possibilities. As a matter of fact, teachers need a more realistic and more sophisticated approach to the pressures potentially available to them, for, although there are severe legal limits to their bargaining power, probably even more crucial limits are in teacher tradition and ideology.

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The paradox in this overall situation is that teachers can be weakened to the point of desperation, whereupon they are likely to resort to any and all means of redress, even those specifically prohibited by law. Laws prohibiting strikes by teachers are therefore not invariably effective. In some instances they actually breed strikes. They so weaken the teachers' bargaining position that school boards perpetuate inequitable conditions of employment to the point where the teachers walk out in defiance of the law. At the same time, penalties against strikers may be so severe that teachers realize public officials will be afraid to impose them. New York State has experienced many strikes by teachers since passage of the Condon-Wadlin Act. Its penalties are so very heavy that public officials have found it impossible to impose them against teachers.

School boards do not resist the wage appeals of their teachers out of innate meanness. In many cases they lack the funds to be more generous. School revenues are frequently raised through taxes specifically subject to voter approval. These taxes often transform special-interest groups—real estate operators, for example—into "anti-education" lobbies powerful enough to block any increase in school budgets. Property taxes, by far the largest local source of school revenues, are frequently limited by ceilings that go back to depression years and by unrealistic assessments.

The post-election teachers' strike in Louisville illustrates the problems involved. The tax ceiling in Louisville, set by the state legislature in 1935, limits the school operating tax to $1.50 per $100 of assessed valuation unless the voters approve a higher rate by referendum. This ceiling was reached in 1950, and voters rejected a higher ceiling in 1955, 1956, 1963 and 1964. Kentucky law requires assessment at "fair market value"; actual assessments run about a third of this, but the legal and political difficulties of achieving full assessment are insurmountable, at least in the short run. Thus, despite the fact that Louisville's present tax is one of the lowest in the country for cities of its size, conventional approaches to school revenues were powerless to prevent a deterioration in the economic position of its teachers, a dangerous curtailment of school maintenance, the elimination of kindergartens, and widespread cutbacks in remedial reading and other educational programs. The depressing Louisville situation is a vivid clue to the recent rise in teacher militancy; it also illustrates the danger to the public of unduly restricting teachers' bargaining power. When teachers are too weak to protect their own welfare, they are usually too weak to protect the public interest as well.

Low tax ceilings; low assessments; the need for voter approval of school taxes, which are the only direct target for taxpayers' resentment; the opposition of powerful groups which bear a disproportionate burden of school taxes; reliance upon local revenues, since the states and federal government have preempted the most productive, easily administered taxes—these factors are only part of the problem. School boards in many states and communities are "dependent"; that is, they have no taxing powers of their own, and can only spend the funds granted by another city agency. When the teachers ask the school board for higher salaries, the board can say, "We don't have the money or the authority to raise it." At the same time, the municipal authority which does have taxing power refuses to meet with the teachers, since it is not their legal employer. In New York City, Pawtucket and many other communities where the teachers have recently struck, they were caught between a school board without taxing authority and a taxing authority with no legal responsibility for the teachers. The public may be the ultimate employer of teachers, but unless some person or agency representing the public has both the responsibility and the authority to reach binding agreements concerning school budgets, serious trouble is likely.

Finally, the pressures leading to teacher militancy have reached a peak at a time of organizational rivalry between the National Education Association (NEA) and the American Federation of Teachers (AFT). This competition has existed ever since the AFT was established in 1916, but it became particularly acute after the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), the AFT local in New York City, forced and won

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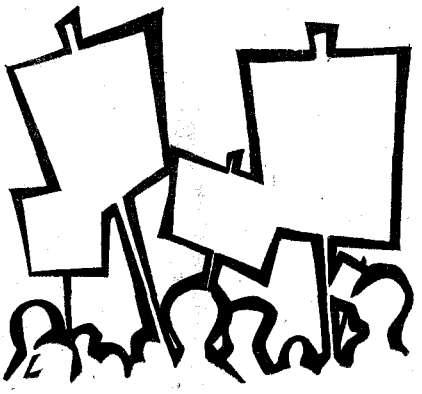
a collective bargaining election in 1961. Once it had achieved recognition, the UFT secured substantial improvements, as well as a written contract with the New York City Board of Education that is widely accepted, even in opposition circles, as a landmark in the history of school administration.

This victory spurred AFT locals elsewhere, especially in large Northern cities, to press for their own representation elections. Inevitably, the question of whether NEA or AFT affiliates can more effectively represent teachers is a major issue in these elections. Each organization is now under greater pressure than ever before to prove its superiority at local, state and national levels. It is safe to say, for example, that the threat by the Utah Education Association and its parent body, the NEA, to launch a state-wide boycott of the Utah schools was motivated in part by the NEA's need to demonstrate that it, too, could take aggressive action when circumstances warranted.

In the past, and especially after both World Wars, there have been widespread outbreaks of teacher discontent. School salaries lagged far behind price rises during the war years, when strikes would have been unpatriotic. As soon as the fighting was over teachers took action to correct the situation. It is likely that the present unrest reflects more widespread and more deep-seated grievances and that it will not abate until basic changes are made in the ways by which conditions of educational employment are determined. Indeed, the most important aspect of the present unrest is precisely the fact that teachers are at last beginning to understand their problems. They are beginning to see that what is needed is not simply higher salaries or smaller classes, but improvements in the procedures by which such decisions are made and implemented. Considering the backward state of employee relations in education, the anachronistic restrictions on educational revenues, and the dynamism engendered by the rivalry between the NEA and the AFT, it is almost certain that teacher militancy will continue to rise until state legislatures write such improvements into law.



KLANTOWN, USA . . . . . Paul Good

Atlanta, Ga.

The Louisiana city of Bogalusa has a modest but thriving main street, a sprawling mill whose acrid exhaust drifts into a small swamp hung with winter-stiffened Spanish moss, and a neat, substantial Niggertown. What sets Bogalusa apart from similar Deep South cities is a subsurface distinction: it has possibly the largest Ku Klux Klan concentration per capita of any community in the South.

This distinction received nationwide attention on January 5, when a small group of local citizens announced that because of Klan intimidation it was canceling a speaking invitation it had extended to former Arkansas Congressman Brooks Hays. Mr. Hays, who is considered a moderate on racial matters, and who was defeated for reelection after the Little Rock integration crisis, was scheduled to discuss the experiences of other Southern cities in meeting racial problems.

"Mr. Hays was denied the right to speak in one of our local churches," said the group in a public statement. "A cross was burned . . . threats had been made against the pastor. The vestrymen were afraid the church might be bombed. Pressures were brought to bear on citizens of Bogalusa. The Ku Klux Klan warned them they were not to attend; they were threatened by the Klan.

"It is a shame, and we are ashamed, that fear should so engulf our community that it strangles free speech and the right of peaceful assembly, and makes mockery of democracy."

The warning to this city of 25,000 could have been typical Klan bluster, but it was backed by an estimated membership of 800 in the city alone, to say nothing of the surrounding Washington Parish. This area is just across the Mississippi line from Poplarville where Negro Mack Parker was lynched five years ago. It is 50 miles south of McComb, this summer the church-bombing capital of the United States. The membership estimate comes from varied sources, including city officials who, embarked on the popular Deep South pastime of image making, would tend to minimize Klanishness. If they are correct, Bogalusa has more Klansmen per square foot than this writer has encountered or heard of anywhere in the South. The K.K.K. spread 6,000 handbills from door to door in Bogalusa, warning that the purpose of the Hays committee was:

> *. . . to convince you that you should help integration by sitting in church with the black man, hiring more of them in your businesses, serving and eating with them in your cafés, and allowing your children to sit by filthy, runny-nosed, ragged, ugly little niggers in your public schools.*
>
> *We will know the names of all who are invited to the Brooks Hays meeting and we will know who did and did not attend this meeting. . . . Those who do attend this meeting will be tagged as integrationists and will be dealt with accordingly by the knights of the Ku Klux Klan.*

The warning, directed primarily at three ministers, a newspaper editor, a radio station owner and the former head of the Louisiana Bar Association, worked. "My vestrymen voted 7 to 1 against letting us use the parish meeting hall," said Episcopal minister Rev. Bruce Shepherd, 50, a former combat bombardier in Korea. "The Klan had threatened to bomb the church. I had already had a cross burned in my front yard in December. Then

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my bishop forbade me from going out on any more night calls because it would be too dangerous.

"We didn't want to give up to the Klan and we did a lot of soul searching before we took back the invitation. But we had no one with us. We didn't have labor, business, city officials, the law. . . . We were just six guys bucking the whole darn town."

"There had been no overt racial trouble here," explained Lou Major, publisher of the Bogalusa *News*. "We just wanted to make sure there wouldn't be and we thought Mr. Hays could help by explaining the experience of other Southern cities in compliance with the Civil Rights Act.

"I'm neither an integrationist nor a segregationist. But I believe in basic human rights—black, yellow, white or no matter what. We didn't want Bogalusa to become another McComb with bombings and burnings. Now, for the first time in my life, I have a loaded pistol in the house. Of course, we took into consideration that knuckling to the Klan might make it bolder. But we had people's lives to think about and that was the paramount consideration."

Lawyer Bascom Talley had a loaded shotgun nearby as he peered out at the reporter in his driveway. He is a member of the federal Community Relations Service, although this one-time head of the state bar considers himself a segregationist.

"I'm a country lawyer and all I want is peace and quiet and law and order," he said. "But last night a Klan type came up my drive to give me a handbill and I told him to slide back slowly into the seat of his car. And I confess I had a thought to shoot him in the buttocks as he slid in.

"There has been a leadership vacuum here and that's what the Klan thrives on. That and stupidity. A few on our committee probably favor integration but most of us don't. But the law is the law."

The Klan does not make fine distinctions between law, personal morality or public conscience. It wrote of Talley:

There is in Bogalusa a man named
Talley
Who with a hand-picked committee
has planned an integrated
rally;

This man would love the nigger
In order to grow financially bigger.

He and his committee have come up
with an integration plan;
Which is bitterly opposed by the
Ku Klux Klan;
Talley has attended nigger churches
to sing;
This was done to please Martin
Luther King;
While Talley sings with his nigger
group,
The Ku Klux Klan will more
knights recruit;
Soon Talley and his committee will
know who is boss
As the Ku Klux Klan lights the fiery
cross.

One thing is immediately obvious, aside from the fact that the Klan cannot scan or punctuate. Its ire was directed, not against Negroes but against whites who, however reservedly, seemed to be espousing their cause. The reason is that the Negro community is not militant. Its leadership is mature in years, self-competitive, and there is no catalyst like SNCC or SCLC to move it to pugnacious action. There has never been a real test of the Civil Rights Act in Bogalusa.

"I'm optimistic," said William Bailey, 52-year-old past president of the NAACP. An internecine leadership struggle in the Negro community has left Bailey on the outside, despite the fact that he spearheaded voter-registration suits in 1950 and legally beat back later efforts to purge lists of Negroes. More than 1,100 Negroes are now registered in the parish, and registration goes on without interference.

"I've been active here and of course some white people won't talk to you. But I've never received an intimidating phone call in my life. Now I think the worst is over and something will be done."

Mayor Jesse Cutrer is the owner

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of an ice cream company and new at politics but very much in command. He was also optimistic. "Sincere efforts were being made to comply with city, state and federal laws," he said, "including the public accommodations section of the Civil Rights Act. Until this thing came up. Now I want to wait until the general community cools off so we can take stock and start all over again. But I'll tell you one thing—people in this town don't fear the Klan. They know the score."

It makes the Klan sound as harmless as Rotary. But what precisely was the "score" in Bogalusa before it became a one-day wonder in the news? The city had a white-Negro ratio of 60-40, standard for the area. It had a good economic situation thanks to the mill—the $100 million plant of the Crown Zellerbach Corp., a pulp-making firm with an equal-opportunity hiring policy. Young Negroes were spiritually uneasy over unchanging segregation, but were not organized for action. The two-year-old city administration of Mayor Cutrer had turned a $340,000 deficit into a $120,000 surplus, and used more than half the surplus to surface streets in the Negro section of town that had been unpaved since the black-and-white lines of the city were drawn. The Cutrer administration pointed to a crowning glory—the first all-Negro garbage-truck crew in history.

But fearing more progress to come, crosses flared a racial warning in Bogalusa and throughout southeast Louisiana just about a year ago, on January 18. City police were inclined to blame the Bogalusa crosses on kids, but editor Major pointed out in his newspaper:

Police said they believed the crosses were being set afire by youths, despite the apparently well planned outbreak of incidents. The crosses, four to five feet tall, were carefully constructed with cross-pieces which appeared to have been fitted with power tools instead of simply boards nailed together.

And Major, a Mississippian who has worked in Bogalusa for fourteen years, was a marked man after he wrote on Jan. 21:

. . . people of sound mind and principles can find little more in the cross burnings than a message of unprincipled hate for mankind. Unfortunately, the people responsible are living and working in our midst every day, people of obvious low mentality without any scruples. We pray the nightriders may grow up into men of God-fearing conscience, before they are called on to answer for their terror tactics which leave a mark on children, wives and decent law-abiding humanity.

The prayer from the editor who worries about his own four children went unavailing. Purported Klansmen whipped two white men during the summer, one a guitarist accused of holding mixed jam sessions in his home. Major had another cross burned outside his home when he protested in print. Officials could not solve the whippings or burnings.

"The Klan," says one respected and long-time resident who asked anonymity, "cannot survive here unless it has official sanction. The headquarters of the Klan, if anywhere, is at the fire station across from City Hall."

The Commission Council, composed of Mayor Cutrer and other officials, sometimes invited certain self-styled Negro leaders to bring grievances. Civil service tests for Negro patrolmen were announced. But there was not the slightest outward indication that the city was moving on public accommodations or school desegregation, areas of integration most desired by Negroes and most bitterly protested by whites. In November, six men got together and decided that growing dissatisfaction among youthful Negroes called for positive action. The six who formed the committee were Major, the Reverend Shepherd, Talley, radio station owner Ralph Blumberg, and Baptist ministers Jerry Chance and Paul Gillespie. As their first project, they originally planned to invite Hays to an integrated testimonial dinner for a leading local citizen named Vertrees Young who had done much to build the town's economy.

"We just didn't anticipate the reaction," the Reverend Shepherd recalled. "Mr. Hays is an outstanding Baptist layman and this is a Baptist town. But when word got out, a man I'd known for many years stopped me on the street and told me: 'Feeling is hot here and if you don't withdraw you'll find yourself dead.'"

Committee members recall meeting with the Mayor and the Council and being told only that any force would be met with force. Support had been counted on from the powers who control the mill, but the committee people say that early backing from that quarter soon disappeared as pressure mounted. Negroes and whites do work side by side in many jobs at Crown Zellerbach and editor Major says flatly: "Jobs at the mill are open on a non-segregated basis."

But some critics claim that the integration is just enough to protect a vulnerable national firm from discrimination charges. Efforts to get a policy statement from Crown Zellerbach were unavailing, and without backing from the economic colossus that keeps Bogalusa alive, the dinner plans fell apart. The committee, under increasing fire and with dwindling support, pushed ahead anyway and invited Mr. Hays to speak at the parish hall of the Reverend Shepherd's St. Matthews Episcopal Church.

Admission to the meeting was to be by invitation only, a defense against Klan elements which would surely disrupt an open meeting. But this subjected the committee to the charge of trying to do secretly in the name of Bogalusa something which in fact most townspeople opposed. The charge has some validity. The committee knew from phone calls that many in the community approved their stand, but those in favor were afraid to say "aye." Klansmen, becoming bolder, distributed pamphlets openly at the Acme Restaurant on the main street. A minister friend of the Reverend Shepherd's cracked under the strain and had to be hospitalized. And finally, the vestrymen of St. Matthews, most of whom had opposed the plan from the start, voted against opening the parish hall. The insurance would not cover a bombing.

"On January 4," said Major, "we made contact with Mayor Cutrer and the Council. We asked permission to use the city hall. We said they could participate if they wanted or not, that we'd step out of the picture if they wanted us to. But the Council was unanimous against it."

That same day, Mayor Cutrer had reportedly called in restaurant and motel owners, and told them that they were soon going to have to face the facts of life regarding the Civil Rights Act. And he insists that the city was working toward an imminent breakthrough, although he concedes the committee did not know about it.

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"But we didn't know officially about Hays speaking until they came in and dumped it in our laps," he complained. "Then they wanted us to open a public hall to a private meeting. It just wasn't in the best interest of the community. Now at some future time when it would be, I'd be glad to welcome Mr. Hays to our town."

The Mayor is earnest and persuasive. He pointed out that the city offered a $500 reward for cross burners on January 3, the day before the Monday meeting with the committee. But individual committee members, who do not want to be quoted on the subject, say that he deliberately let things slide to the brink of violence, and now that the Klan's mission has been accomplished, he adjusts a mask of reasonableness. The Klan victory was won late that Monday night.

"We searched our souls all day and night," the Reverend Shepherd recalled. "Cars filled with Klansmen kept going by our houses. You felt that if something happened you didn't know who you should call. My phone had been making peculiar noises that the company couldn't clear up. We were told that the Klan had taken a vote against bombing the church but that the negative majority had been older men who didn't know if they could control the young ones. Where could we turn?"

On January 5, the committee published its announcement that the speech was off. The next day, Mayor Cutrer went on television to denounce violence and call for "full and complete law enforcement at all times regardless of race, creed or color."

"Yes, even the civil rights law," he said, "bitter though it might be to any of us."

Those who wanted Congressman Hays to come to Bogalusa remain skeptical. They see a Klan so confident that the afternoon after the Mayor's address, two men knocked on Major's door while he was at work and left hate literature on the steps when Mrs. Major would not open the door. Publicly, however, some of the principal Klan targets profess optimism, seem anxious almost to believe that the days of threat are over.

"I'm fully convinced," said Talley, "that the Mayor is dedicated to the proposition that all laws will be enforced. With this determination I'm sure that right-thinking citizens of all persuasions will support them wholeheartedly as I do."

Editor Major said: "It's made us aware that this city has a problem that it must face up to. I see an indication on the part of city leadership that maybe they'll make a stronger move."

But the Reverend Shepherd, a man who has been through combat and does not easily panic, disagreed.

"I think potentially this could be a bloody situation," he said. "So many people take the attitude it can't happen here. What they don't see is that it's started to happen."

And in a tavern, a burly bartender pointed to the adjoining restaurant and declared: "There ain't no nigger ever gonna eat in there and walk out alive."

There are 800 Klansmen in Bogalusa who agree with him. Or perhaps 799.

Russia Tries Insurance . . . . . Robert J. Myers

Students of political, economic and social conditions in the Soviet Union are by now accustomed to discovering what seem to be capitalist anomalies in the Communist way of life. One relatively little-known example is the existence of a well-developed system of private, voluntary life and accident insurance. This program exists in addition to an extensive social security system that pays benefits at a relatively high level in relation to wages for most risks that confront the individual. Soviet officials not associated with the program have privately stated that eventually, when the goal of communism is reached, the need for this private insurance system will also wither away.

Although general information is available about the manner in which this insurance business is organized, it is difficult to obtain statistics about the actual operations. Also, no official reasons are given for establishing the program and there is no official outline of its basic functions. One can, however, make some reasonable guesses in these areas.

For many years, the Soviet Union has suffered a shortage of consumer goods. Therefore, such savings systems as life insurance are economically desirable to absorb the excess funds in the hands of the public. It is no doubt for the same reason that the Soviet Union has promoted extensive, and usually compulsory, campaigns for selling government bonds, and has encouraged as well a widespread savings bank system that is generally used for short-term savings. In addition, there has probably been a certain public demand for life insurance protection.

The Soviets attempt to argue that their individual insurance system plays a completely different role than do such programs in other countries. This is most succinctly stated in the basic Soviet text on insurance, *State Insurance in the USSR* by F. Konshin (revised edition, 1953):

> *Insurance in capitalist countries is primarily for the sake of the profits of the organizers of the insuring organization. In socialist countries, not only is this factor not present, but by establishing proper insurance rate differentials and by investing the assets of the organization under Government control, the growth of the economy will be stimulated.*

In answer to this, it should be noted that about 60 per cent of the life insurance in the United States is sold by mutual (nonprofit) companies and that "proper insurance rate differentials" are maintained by actuarial practices subject to review by state insurance departments. And the investments of life insurance companies in the United States also promote growth in the economy.

The Russian program of so-called "personal insurance" is administered by an organization named Gosstrakh (standing for "government insurance"), owned and operated by the

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government under the supervision of the Ministry of Finance. Another government-owned insurance organization sells marine insurance, but this is an entirely different field since that company serves an essential function in international trade.

Gosstrakh sells not only life and accident insurance, but also various forms of casualty and fire insurance. Apparently, most of the latter type of insurance is purchased by the collective farms to protect their buildings, equipment and livestock. These farms, being in a sense cooperative individual enterprises, need such insurance as does any business, and in fact they are legally obliged to carry it. Individuals may also purchase such insurance for their personal goods. Surprisingly, automobile liability insurance is not available: apparently the authorities wish to hold drivers personally responsible for accidents, both from the civil and the criminal standpoints.

The life and accident insurance policies are quite similar in general form to those sold in other countries. Three general classes of policy are available—life only, combined life and accident, and accident only. By far the most popular form is the combination policy, which is usually sold on a five- or ten-year term basis. Least popular is the pure life insurance which, however, is available in most of the forms (whole life protection, with premiums payable either for life or for specified limited periods) that are sold in other countries. The premium rates observe the appropriate actuarial variations—depending upon the face amount of the policy, the age of the purchaser, and the period of years over which protection is given.

The minimum policy sold is for a face amount of about $100. No maximum size policy is prescribed, but few are sold for more than $10,000. These amounts may seem low in comparison with our standards, but one must keep in mind that incomes in the Soviet Union, when converted to dollars, are only about one-fourth of those in the United States.

The smaller policies ($500 or less) are generally sold on a nonmedical basis; larger policies require a medical examination. The smaller policies can also be bought on a medical-examination basis with full immediate protection, whereas the nonmedical issuances do not pay for death in the first year unless it is due to an accident or an infectious disease. Such limitations on coverage are forbidden by law for nonmedical policies sold in the United States.

A very popular type of combination policy is of an endowment form, wherein the face amount is payable upon death, or upon permanent and total disability due to an accident, or at the end of twenty years. Partial payment of the face amount is made for a permanent disability that is less than total, and the remainder of the face amount continues in force with either all or part of future premiums being waived (depending upon the degree of disability). In the United States, permanent and total disability benefits are based on disability from any cause (and not merely from accidents), although the so-called "double indemnity" benefits are for death due to accidents alone.

Accident policies, sold in Russia for term periods ranging from one year to five years, pay the face amount for death or permanent disability due to an accident. The premium rate varies according to occupational risk. Miners, for example, pay about five times as much as clerical workers.

All policies contain a number of the standard features that are common in private insurance in other countries. These include incontestable provisions after a two-year period, a clause negating the insurance if suicide occurs in the first two policy years, various nonforfeiture options providing insurance or cash values if the policyholder ceases premium payments, and provision for securing interest-bearing loans against the accrued value (reserve) of the policy. The loans are repayable with 4 per cent interest, whereas the policy reserves accumulate at only 3 per cent interest. A differential between these two interest rates is also maintained in other countries—to compensate the carrier for the expenses of making loans. Premiums can be paid on monthly, quarterly, or semi-annual bases, as well as annually.

The administration of much of the Russian individual life insurance is not unlike that of weekly-premium (so-called "industrial") insurance in this country. The agency field force, which numbers about 40,000, of whom all but 8,000 are part-time employees, collects the premiums monthly on a house-to-house basis. The agents are usually paid on a commission basis—15 to 20 per cent of the first year's premium and 6 per cent of subsequent premiums, which is somewhat lower than the scale prevailing in this country. The insurance business is promoted not only through the sales efforts of the agents, but also through rather extensive advertising in the form of brochures and posters displayed in public places. Until recently, the Soviet social security system did not apply to collective farmers, who constitute about 40 per cent of the working population. (In 1963, it was announced that a separate system for this category was to be established.) Aggressive advertising of Gosstrakh recognized this social-protection gap.

Although most of the provisions of the private insurance system of the Soviet Union are similar to those in other countries, several of its rather restrictive features are banned by law in the United States. For example, no premium notices are sent to the policyholder, since legally it is his responsibility to keep payments up to date. Also, payment of the benefit is forfeited if it is not claimed within two years, or if the insured was involved in the commission of a crime when he suffered the disability or loss of life.

The premium rates seem to be very close to those that a nonparticipating life insurance company (one that does not pay dividends to its policyholders) would charge for similar protection in this country. The assets are invested with the government, which pays 3 per cent interest on them. Gosstrakh is supposed to be completely self-supporting, both as to the benefit costs and the administrative expenses. Any profits are turned over to the government, rather than being returned to the policyholders.

The usual annual balance sheets and supporting statements made by insurance companies throughout the world are also prepared by Gosstrakh, but they are not available to the general public. It appears that about 10 million persons carried life and accident insurance under this program in 1958 and that the average policy was about $600.

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Dr. Rowse Meets Dr. Faustus

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: His Life and Work. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Row. 219 pp. $5.95.

Anthony Burgess

I make no apology for not having read Dr. Rowse's book on Shakespeare (Harper & Row, 1964). When it came out I was struggling away at my own contribution to the quatercentenary celebrations—the novel called *Nothing Like the Sun*. I understood from the reviews that Dr. Rowse had done something original and important: he had brought the hard disciplines of the historian to a subject traditionally monopolized by fanciful critics and uninformed *belles-lettristes*. This I did not want. I had learned by heart a calendar of Elizabethan events, compiled from the works of Prof. G. B. Harrison, and I did not wish these to be disturbed by any new findings. I wanted Mr. W. H. to be Wriothesly, Harry, Earl of Southampton, and the Rival Poet of the Sonnets to be George Chapman—dull and orthodox identifications which should be a foil to daring speculations about the Dark Lady. I gathered that Dr. Rowse had more or less proved that Mr. W. H. was Sir William Harvey, and that the Rival Poet was Christopher Marlowe. About the Dark Lady he had, thank God, established nothing. The time for reading his Shakespeare book was, I suppose, when my own page proofs were past tinkering with, but by then I was temporarily sick of the subject.

And now here is Dr. Rowse on Christopher Marlowe, a poet who has haunted me for thirty years and, since I do not propose writing a novel on him (the celebratory occasion has passed, anyway), is not likely to make me sick. And presumably, so I thought, the technique so admired in Dr. Rowse's Shakespeare book would, whetted by extravagant praise, be even sharper here; I would be absolved from reading the earlier study.

To be honest, I did once write something about Marlowe—in Manchester, England, 1940, when the bombs were dropping. It was a graduation thesis, but my own feelings about the poet were stronger, more personal than can easily be understood in a context of mere academic study. I was a renegade Catholic who mocked at hell but was still secretly scared of it, especially as it might come any night now. I felt, despite all the biographical evidence, that Marlowe himself might be such a man, his blasphemies and beery jags the true voice of imperfect emancipation. I regarded him as a sort of proto-Joyce, and this perhaps made me a sort of proto-Harry Levin. The peculiar urgencies of 1940 (how about repenting before the bombs drop on this typewriter?) dragged Dr. Faustus out of the Elizabethan theatre and dumped him in bed beside me, under a roof which might suddenly crash down like the vengeance of God (disguised as the vindictiveness of the Nazis). Would he, when the air-raid sirens sounded, feel like saying: "Come, I think hell's a fable"? Hell was very near, not "xxiv yeares" off: the devils, with fireworks, had the trap door ready open.

This sense of intimacy with a great Marlovian theme engendered, even then, a sort of contempt for the academic text choppers. And, though Rowse is not one of those, I am out of sympathy with a scholar who talks about the Reformation's sweeping away the "junk" of medieval devotionalism from Canterbury (Marlowe's birthplace) and describes the cathedral itself as a "veritable holy factory manufacturing grace." I have a feeling that the Rowse eschatology does not contain a hell and is perhaps even impatient with the concept of a soul. He seems closer to Henslowe than to Marlowe, eager to make inventories of copes and chasubles and chalices, but not so ready to tell us what it may have been like to be a young Renaissance intellectual unable totally to free himself from the grip of what Dr. Rowse might call medieval superstition.

Dr. Rowse, in fact, subscribes to the romantic view of Marlowe —"with mouth of gold and morning in his eyes." To me, Marlowe's fascination lies in the fact that he stands at the crossroads—Janus-faced, with morning in one set of eyes but night in the other. The character of Hamlet has a cognate fascination. Here is a young man caught between the opposed forces of medievalism (which has ghosts and hell in it) and the rationalism of Montaigne and Machiavelli. Thus caught, he is unable to act: his fires are ineffectual. Marlowe *can* act, but most of his action is bluster. His poetic gift turns verbal bluster into genuine rhetoric (this art had not yet been debased by demagogues); his intellectual sympathies draw him to glorification of the world of Hamlet's stepfather—a *Realpolitik* which, however, finds its myths and images in a rediscovered Golden Age.

Looking at *Tamburlaine, The Jew of Malta* and *Dr. Faustus*, we see a kind of Renaissance trilogy so neat that we cannot help thinking that Marlowe is working to a deliberate plan, the delineation of three kinds of power seeking. First, the Scythian shepherd-conqueror wants to take over the rule of the world, daring God out of His Heaven in the process. Next, Barabas the Jew looks for power through wealth. Finally, Faustus wants the ultimate power—not over men's minds and bodies but over time, space and causality. Tyranny, wealth, knowledge, all unbounded, are—severally or conjoined—the big Renaissance dreams, and Marlowe creates superhuman poetic symbols out of idealized Renaissance dreamers.

But the dreams have a flaw in them. Divine Zenocrate has to die, and so does semi-divine Tamburlaine. The divinity is bluster: both are, after all, only too mortal. Barabas hates and is hated by the Maltese Christians: he falls cursing into a vat of boiling oil prepared for his enemies. Faustus finds that God is not mocked. He may wish to confound hell in Elysium ("his ghost be with the old philosophers"), but the medieval hell, with its Bosch or Dürer furnishings, exists, however Dr. Rowse or Dr. Faustus may rationalize it away. In the terrible final scene, the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis is a mere comfortable tavern speculation: the reality is Christ's blood streaming in the firmament, and the cry of the Roman lover in bed with his mistress—"*Lente, lente currite, noctis equi*"—finds its true meaning in the shriek of a damned soul pushing off midnight with his bare hands. In other words, Marlowe's Renaissance attitudes are very heavily qualified by older, less intellectual convictions.

Anthony Burgess is the author of The Wanting Seed, A Clockwork Orange *and* Nothing Like the Sun *(all Norton), the last a novel about Shakespeare published in 1964.*

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The Black Butterflies

The black butterflies of night
Clipped for sleep to nightshade and widowgrief,
Or in shaking, luminous flight
On paired and silver wings, are rare,
And rarely seen by human sight.

Yet, they are there, surfacing
Out of range of neons and streetlights,
Preferring underleaf,
And the dark offshores of air
To man and moth-maddening glare of things.

Tonight,
As crisis after crisis
Cracks our skies like lightning,
I think of death,
Of different ways of dying,
And of Egypt and the myth
That once held black butterflies
Sacred to Isis.

They lived forever in flight
In her private groves, compelled like
Flickering minutes never to touch leaf nor stone,
Never to rest, except upon her nakedness
When she moved to love.

And here is death to be envied;
To be crushed to a personal breast
Between goddess
And whatever bird, beast, lover
Fell to her lips.

Man is something else.
Myth and love will miss him
When the night is suddenly turned on,
Turned blank white,
And the black butterflies
Appear against that vellum sky
As far, flitting,
Burnt-out stars.

Frank Polite

Advent

Between tree rows
snow blows over the ground, blows in the fountain
and at the feet of women. Having in mind
nativity, the black thorn blows

and we take stock of our living,
of this infant thing,
held in trust of keeping. Knowing

risk is a flower
of late issue. A kind of thorn

the mind has labored after
until now, when its rarity
signals a birth. An act in kind.

Thomas Clark

Mr. Bridges' Nightingales

When the blear-eyed nightingale had screamed,
Look out,
It fled. I heard it wail,
Shaking the wires along the chimney pot.

To what valley of slag did it return,
The mud thrush, the brown bag of wind,
To rot
Under sheaves of hard fern?

No voice ever belongs on mountains,
Speaking as with sadness.
Death rattle, birth cry,
The song must be worth feeling

On quick beds, on stairs not far from these gutters
Where bars
Boom hot all year
And a jet of warm air splatters the trees,

Whitens stone.
At the sky's brink
Clouds embrace.
My bones begin to warble.
A car swerves: the drunk

Girl whistling from the tavern
Calls me to go
In. I fly through the park, duck down the street.
The barking
Dog at my tail
Pukes in the dark.

David Posner

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And yet the qualifying is not all one-sided. William Empson, in 1930, pointed out that the negatives in "Ugly hell, gape not. Come not, Lucifer" are very weakly placed, so that a positive desire for hell to gape and Lucifer to come is implied: the Renaissance hunger for ultimate knowledge is here even at the end, and the scholar, as the first flames lick him, thinks to put everything right by shouting: "I'll burn my books!" In other words, blame everything on the desire for knowledge: go back to prelapsarian innocence, before the *felix culpa* which brought a Redeemer, and then there will be no hell. The subtlety of all this is the concern of the mere literary speculator: Dr. Rowse, being a historian, is above it.

The greater part of this book is a literary commentary on Marlowe's plays and poems and, since we can buy better commentaries in other, more specialized shops, Dr. Rowse may be said to be wasting our time, if not his. But it is hard to see what else he can do if he wants to produce more than a mere pamphlet on Marlowe. He promises us an account of the poet's life, but he cannot do better than John Bakeless nor, for that matter, Dr. William Urry, whose biographical revelations in *The Times Literary Supplement* of February 13, 1964, are honored by a briefer reference than they merit. All we get is a chapter on Canterbury and one on Cambridge, which will do for any Elizabethan born in one place and educated in the other. Then, with a kind of relief at finding something solid to discuss, Dr. Rowse gives us the works.

For a scholar, Dr. Rowse asks us to take rather too much on trust. For instance, we have to assume with him that *Dido, Queen of Carthage* is prentice stuff, perhaps interesting for its Jupiter-Ganymede prologue (Marlowe as pederast) but for little else. Eliot thinks differently. Admitting that *Dido* is "a hurried play, perhaps done to order with the *Aeneid* in front of him," he yet sees in it a "newer style," the development of a technique of near-caricature altogether idiosyncratic, hardly imitable even by Shakespeare:

And after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild-fire in their murdering paws . . .

At last, the soldiers pull'd her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air . . .

What at first looks like pleasure in violence here (as also in *The Massacre at Paris* and *The Jew of Malta*) resolves, on closer examination, into a kind of comic diminishing of man, most un-Renaissance-like. A fair analogy would be the harmless lethal tricks of some film cartoons, the use of violence for a laugh. Barabas starts as a heroic capitalist, with his infinite riches in a little room, but ends in his scalding vat—"Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die!"—as a cartoon animal, with neither nerves nor soul. The pricking of the heroic, the cutting down of Renaissance man to medieval size, is as Marlovian as the great Tamburlaine inflations, but it was something that had to be learned. If Dr. Rowse wants us to believe that *Dido* is tyro work, he must use the historian's privilege of feeding us a date or so.

At one of the points where literature and biography meet, Dr. Rowse both disappoints and reassures. I refer to his chapter on the Rival Poet of Shakespeare's Sonnets where, by antedating the composition of these and adducing comparisons from the work of both poets, he tries to establish that Shakespeare's rival was also his predecessor in greatness. His evidence is insufficient: thus he disappoints. He reassures by this same insufficiency: there is no need for us, after all, to pull down the statue of George Chapman. The "affable familiar ghost" of Shakespeare's key sonnet refers us, says Dr. Rowse, to Mephistophilis: Marlowe is his own Faustus. But one has only to read the dedication of Chapman's *The Shadow of Night* (published the year after Marlowe's murder) to see that Shakespeare was not getting at Marlowe (whom, anyway, he loved and admired; how otherwise explain that gratuitous reference in *As You Like It*?). Chapman believed that a nocturnal spirit (nightly gulling him with intelligence, says Shakespeare) fed his inspiration; there is even a reference to a "heavenly familiar." And, in this very poem of Chapman's, there's a nasty dig at the "*Pocula Castalia*" of the dedication to *Venus and Adonis*: Chapman mentions "flesh-confounded souls that cannot bear the full Castalian bowels," meaning Shakespeare. I think Dr. Rowse will have to try hard-

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er before he can convince us of an enmity, however good humored, between Shakespeare and his two-month-elder master.

If Dr. Rowse is writing a popular book, a general introduction to Marlowe (and it is at least charitable to take his book this way), he would do well to draw our interest by making our flesh creep—Marlowe is an eminently fine subject for that. There has been some scholarly speculation, of fascinating import, about Marlowe's death, but Dr. Rowse gives us the coroner's facts and no more. If he wants us to know more about the impact of *Dr. Faustus* on popular audiences, he could at least refer us to the Bakeless biography. He tells us about the appearance of "one devell too many" during the performance at Exeter. A more interesting story is about the "apparition of the Devel" on the stage at Dulwich, which so worked on the fancy of Alleyn, who was playing Faustus, that "he made a Vow, which he perform'd at this place." The vow was to build a college at Dulwich, and it is there to this day—Alleyn's College of God's Gift, which I pass every time I travel by road from Sussex to Chiswick. Marlowe tapped, in this play at least, a great popular artery of belief (or, if Dr. Rowse prefers, superstition). It is the chemical action set up in Marlowe's imagination by the clash of the old and the new that makes him unique—not greater than Shakespeare, but different.

I think Marlowe's quatercentenary, cast into deep shadow by that of his longer-lived junior, called for a better book than Dr. Rowse's—something less opinionated, more sensitive, more—in a word—Marlovian. Will we have to wait till 1993, quatercentenary of a dagger through the frontal lobes and a swearing death, before we get it?

The Statesman on Madison Avenue

THE STRATEGY OF PERSUASION: The Use of Advertising Skills in Fighting the Cold War. By Arthur F. Meyerhoff. Coward-McCann. 191 pp. $4.50.

David Cort

Mr. Meyerhoff's proposition is that Madison Avenue is the proper agency to sell America's case, granted, as we will, that the present methods have not done so. For America is not perfect, yet it is the only great power in world history that has not overrun its neighbors as far as its armies could march; and it has recently subsidized its defeated enemies, as well as everybody else, in the sum of over $10 billion; what a scoundrel!

Mr. Meyerhoff's book is essentially a "presentation" to the prospective client (the United States Government) for his outfit (the advertising business). Toward the end it begins to say something I can understand. Until then, it is fatuous, and even, in its claims, impudent. Why this is so, since the author is a patriot, is interesting. Some reasons:

(1) What America stands for is subject to a very wide spectrum of interpretation, and who is to decide which shade is to be sold abroad, or in any specific area?

(2) The client must understand, since advertising men vote generally Republican, the salesman's bias toward the product.

(3) What do the nearly 120 customers want to buy? None, I think, can really hope to emulate American civilization. Not even Russia and China. If one sells American beige in Ceylon and American mauve in Nigeria, they are going to exchange notes and agree that they are both getting American humbug.

(4) Even philosophers can only guess at the aspirations of mankind, and no advertising agency has Socrates on its staff, or even Lionel Trilling. The character of the commodity to be sold cannot be described by advertising men. It is not a formula or patent. The instant democracy becomes a formula, it will cease to exist.

(5) In 1914, some concept of representative government held sway over most of the globe. Since then, this area has shrunk enormously.

Into this complex situation trundles Mr. Meyerhoff, and he is going to change the course of history with some expertly processed copy. He gives us a study of the evolution of propaganda (such as an agency's research department could produce) for both the Communists and the Americans. This would not get him a Ph.D. in any state college in the country.

It is fine to know what advertising can do; but it is better to know what it cannot do. A billion-dollar campaign for mother love might well benefit only the abortionists. Campaigns for patriotism in peacetime seem to have a parallel backlash. I would suspect that the professional advertising business should stay far away from eternal verities, for the verities remain, by definition, eternally the same. There is no "improved" version, no pepped-up 1965 model of an eternal verity, nothing for Madison Avenue to get a hold on.

In this early section of the book, we get an awed evaluation of Communist propaganda. I do not share this awe for the good reason that after twenty-four years of unadulterated Communist propaganda, about ten Russian races were ready to welcome the Nazi invader in 1941. After the Nazi wave was thrown back, Stalin virtually exterminated all but the Ukrainians who were too numerous. This terrible episode is scamped in all histories, but it surely has a great deal to say about propaganda and advertising. No matter what you say, people are inclined to look at the reality. For the ordinary man, words are no substitute.

The Communists and Mr. Meyerhoff, in their different ways, believe in words as transcending and molding the observed reality. Mr. Meyerhoff, like many Americans, believes that he can win the argument on his terms, while arguing on the Communists' terms.

Words can be moved around in an ingenious way, as in a game of chess, to a desired end. Mr. Meyerhoff wants to play chess. The word games of communism, the extreme Right and much of the academic world all have their faint, fading reminiscence of past times and old solutions. The words are all, the world is nothing.

The game with words, which the Communists certainly did not innovate, is as old as language, but it is a count against general education. Why, for example, did we ever educate Marx or Lenin or Whittaker Chambers or the rightist, William Buckley, all with their glib verbalisms and bent for parliamentarianism? On one simple test—can you relate the word to reality—when Marx and Engels found they could not, they said so. Lenin and the later ones were only interested in winning the argument, not in the real world. Their words relate to other words one is expected to know, not to the visible reality anybody can know by looking at it. These debaters never hesitate; fumbling for the right word to approximate the reality is the mark of the crook.

David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor. His latest book is* Social Astonishments (*Macmillan*).

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The foregoing is not a digression. Formula words are exactly what advertising and communism are looking for. In a vacuum the Communist words work, as in France, Italy and elsewhere. But when the product is also present, as with the ten traitorous Russian nations, the formula words are finally seen to be chaff. This fact should be noted carefully by Mr. Meyerhoff.

But the peoples now at issue are those who have no first-hand knowledge of either American or Communist society. If we had a real plan, we could say to them: try communism, and then if you like, we will rescue you. But for reasons of *amour-propre*, we want them to opt for us right now, and the USIA and Voice of America express this desire to be loved right now.

My own experiences with the USIA have not convinced me of its editorial genius; it certainly has its excuses, but let us at least concede that the job can be done better.

My suggestion is that we allow the advertising business a pilot operation, a trial run, on one country. (But please, let's keep it secret.) Possibilities are Afghanistan, Ceylon, Kenya. If you want to make it tough, give them Ghana; if you want to be nice, make it Nigeria. Just for fun, how about France? So let's see what they do.

Mr. Meyerhoff would ask for statistics and surveys on rural and urban population, occupation, pay, consumption, average age, life expectancy, health problems, diet, housing, eating habits, education, ethnic and religious groups, political parties, history, recent political changes, leaders and ex-leaders, economic history, chauvinism, and on and on. How many of these questions did anyone ask before the adventure into Vietnam? And is anybody asking them even now?

As I understand him, the only "image" of America he hopes to project, or even sees, is that we are all-around nice guys. Taking into account the limitations described above, this sounds like a modest and reasonable objective. However, I notice that he wants his advertising campaign geared into the foreign aid program; right away he is in big trouble.

Any advertising agency for America ought generally to have a grasp of international relations and of foreign statesmen. Mr. Meyerhoff believes, for example, that Khrushchev put missiles into Cuba with the premeditated intention of backing down and taking them out, while still gaining some advantage. I think not.

His intuitive belief in this regard reveals a fatal shallowness and [illegible] or poker-hand cleverness, which must disqualify him for high policy.

And isn't that the problem? Does an advertising man exist who could be trusted with the reputation of the [illegible] him? Advertise?

The Immobilization of Time

ALL WOMEN ARE FATAL. By Claude Mauriac. Translated by Richard Howard. George Braziller. 308 pp. $4.95.

THE DINNER PARTY. By Claude Mauriac. Translated by Merloyd Lawrence. George Braziller. 320 pp. $4. Delta-Dell paperback $1.75.

THE MARQUISE WENT OUT AT FIVE. By Claude Mauriac. Translated by Richard Howard. George Braziller. 311 pp. $4.95.

L'AGRANDISSEMENT. By Claude Mauriac. Paris: Editions Albin Michel. 200 pp. 8.25 fr.

Vivian Mercier

Claude Mauriac's tetralogy of novels, *Le Dialogue intérieur*, are listed above in the order of their composition and French publication. The first, *All Women Are Fatal* (1957), has just been translated, offering a convenient excuse for a retrospective review of the series. All four, the last of which has not yet been translated, add up to a formidable achievement, as well as a fascinating introduction to the problems and techniques of the French New Novel—indeed of the 20th-century novel in general. *All Women Are Fatal* adheres fairly closely to the conventions of the 19th-century novel, although incorporating some of the modifications thereof invented by Proust. *The Dinner Party* and *The*

Vivian Mercier, of the City College of the City University of New York, is on sabbatical at the University of Colorado, where he is writing a book on the French New Novel.

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Marquise Went Out at Five join the New Novel school by virtue of their technical similarities with the work of Nathalie Sarraute and Michel Butor. In *L'Agrandissement (The Enlargement* or *The Blow-Up,* a term borrowed from photography), Mauriac becomes for the first time a pioneer: he has written what may be described as an essay on the novel in the form of a novel. True, the last chapter of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* presents certain similarities of content, as do passages in other novels from *Tristram Shandy* to Gide's *Counterfeiters;* nevertheless, the form of Mauriac's new *essai romanesque* may be described as unique.

Mauriac's tetralogy is comparable to Samuel Beckett's trilogy (*Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnamable*) in the single respect that each successive novel narrows the scope allowed to its predecessor. In Beckett's series there is a progressive constriction of space and number of characters; in Mauriac's the narrowing affects only time. *All Women Are Fatal* is divided into four chapters, each concerned with a single afternoon, evening or night in the life of its narrator-hero, Bertrand Carnéjoux, journalist but not yet novelist. *The Dinner Party* (1959) presents the spoken dialogue and unspoken thoughts of eight people at a dinner party given by Bertrand—now the author of one novel—and his young wife, Martine. *The Marquise Went Out at Five* (1961) describes a single hour, from 5 to 6 P.M., in the contemporary history of a Paris intersection, the Carrefour de Buci. *L'Agrandissement* (1963) deals with the first *two minutes* of the same hour, enlarging four pages of the text of the preceding book to almost 200 pages: during this brief time Bertrand looks out at the Carrefour from his balcony and meditates upon the book he hopes to write. In the concluding pages, Mauriac intervenes in his own person to tell us what we already know: "This book is the story of a gentleman who wonders how he is going to write a novel which I have already written," namely *The Marquise Went Out at Five.*

Although Mauriac would like us to be able to begin anywhere in his tetralogy and read backward or forward, nobody who hadn't read *The Marquise* would be able to make much sense of its successor. If one *has* read *The Marquise*—Mauriac's best work to date in my opinion—*L'Agrandissement* is not only an absorbing picture of a novelist's mind at work and a fascinating commentary on the three preceding novels but an entertainment full of humorous quirks. To indicate that it forms an uninterrupted interior monologue, the book, although conventionally punctuated, consists of a single enormous paragraph. Bertrand, as he looks out over the Carrefour de Buci, notes passers-by and neighbors whom he can use, adapt or ignore in his book; he also has in his mind imaginary characters whom he intends to include and whom he allows to talk for a page or two at a time; every now and then, a sentence already printed in *The Marquise* takes shape in more or less final form. Two elderly male high-school teachers who appear frequently in his imagination were present in the earlier book as the high-school boys they might have been when forty years younger. An aging voyeur who stares at the girls near the intersection will be transformed into the aging homosexual who was the "Marquise" in the title of the earlier book.

Bertrand also plans to invent an autograph dealer who has collected an enormous file of documents and printed matter dealing with the past history of the intersection and its streets; quotations from these bestrew the pages of *The Marquise* in a montage technique reminiscent of Pound, Dos Passos and Butor's *Degrees.* Bertrand's thoughts inevitably include reflections on his previous novels and reminiscences of his past. Finally, his meditations are often interrupted by passages from a future lecture on the works of Carnéjoux by an American professor of French whom Bertrand's imagination has involuntarily created. This pedagogue, who believes Carnéjoux is overrated, nevertheless gives a brilliant exposition of the origin and development of "interior dialogue" in the novel, beginning with Balzac. To the reader's delight, the professor is frequently distracted by the charms of a bored coed, Miss Fowling, and by twinges of jealousy inspired by her boy friend, also a member of the class. One wonders if Mauriac knows his Nabokov.

Pages 108-9 of *L'Agrandissement* contain a rather severe and remorseful appraisal by Bertrand of his first book, *Sober Pleasures,* which is of course none other than *All Women Are Fatal.* (Mauriac has had some private fun inventing equivalent titles for all four novels and the tetralogy as a whole: *The Dinner Party,* for example, becomes *Lunch at the Bistro.*) Although admirers of Mauriac may find it disappointing, *All Women* must be read for the insight it gives into the earlier life of Bertrand and for the explanation of many allusions in the later books. They will briefly encounter Martine, still a child, at the epoch of Bertrand's drawn-out, nagging affair with her mother, Irène. They will discover that the haunting Edwige is Bertrand's aunt by marriage and that he has cuckolded his uncle over a period of years. There are moments when Mauriac's first novel reads like a parody of all those French erotic novels which the Victorians were wont to describe as "very French." Like many such novels, it offers frequent and tedious "philosophic" reflections about *l'amour*—philosophizing that is falsified and reduced to puerility by its total neglect and ignorance of married love. In *The Dinner Party* Bertrand, though married and the father of two, is still an adolescent in his 40s; it is Gilles Bellecroix, a reformed rake, who is the exponent of marital and paternal love, as Martine is of maternal. Not until *The Marquise,* when Martine and he have separated, does Bertrand begin to realize what his family means to him. In this third book, selfish and perverse eroticism and shallow cynicism play a much smaller part than in its predecessors.

The interior dialogue that is so frequently discussed in *L'Agrandissement,* and now supplies the overall title of the tetralogy, seems to have been discovered by authorial hindsight: neither the French nor the American edition of *The Marquise* supplies any general title for the series; indeed, Mauriac's American publisher seems still unaware of its existence. *Le Dialogue intérieur* is announced for the first time opposite the title page of *L'Agrandissement.* Actually, *All Women* contains little of the unspoken communication implied by the series title, except perhaps when Bertrand bumps into a girl on a Fifth Avenue bus or when, calling himself René, he finds that he and an anonymous whore in a brothel have chosen each other without a word spoken. (Neither Bertrand nor Marie-Ange, one of his mistresses in *The Dinner Party,* realizes that they have met before in this anonymous and pseudonymous embrace.) At page 100

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of *The Dinner Party*, however, as *L'Agrandissement* takes care to point out, there occurs the classic example of unspoken dialogue between Gilles and his former mistress, Eugénie—their thoughts answering each other as precisely as if they were uttered aloud. Examples of this silent communication, which sometimes consists of the author's dialogue with his characters, are multiplied in the two remaining novels of the series.

This interior dialogue is at best a first cousin of the familiar interior monologue and a blood brother of what Nathalie Sarraute calls "subconversation." I would not consider it the distinctive characteristic of Mauriac's work. This eldest son (b. 1914) of François Mauriac is, to employ Yeats's phrase, "a crow who has followed many ploughs." In his journalism and his ten volumes of literary and film criticism, he has written about a number of novelists—whole books on Balzac, Gide, Marcel Jouhandeau and Malraux. In his tetralogy, as I have already insisted, he has imitated several other novelists. None the less, not merely his fourth novel but the series itself can be described as unique. By sheer dint of writing, he has worked his way out of the derivative and the slick into a personal style and an individuality whose existence he himself might paradoxically deny. A persistent theme in the tetralogy is Bertrand's conviction of his own lack of individuality, his denial of the uniqueness of each human personality, his view of men—and especially of women, naturally—as replaceable parts. This view, rather than denigrating literature, puts a premium on it: "It's books that count, not their authors. The miracle of being nothing and yet being able to write something."

The career to date of Claude Mauriac seems to me all the justification that technical experiment in the novel will ever need. Butor's brilliant essay, *Le roman comme recherche*, in his volume *Répertoire*, points out that the experimental novel can be not only a search but a research—into new ways of knowing, feeling and thinking. Mauriac has learned a great deal from his experiments, not only about how to write novels but also, I believe, about life and about himself. There are passages in *L'Agrandissement* which suggest that *Le Dialogue intérieur* need not be a mere tetralogy but can become a potentially infinite series of reworkings of the same basic material. Carnéjoux's ultimate aim as a novelist is once stated, in capital letters, as THE IMMOBILIZATION OF TIME. Perhaps a fifth novel will attempt an even closer approximation of this impossible ideal than the two-minute span of *L'Agrandissement*. Be that as it may, I look forward eagerly to Mauriac's next *essai romanesque* (an ambiguous term meaning both "attempt at a novel" and "essay in the form of a novel"), his next research into both his own nature and the nature of narrative fiction.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

WAR AND PEACE

War and Peace, A.P.A.'s second presentation of their season at the Phoenix, is an adaptation by Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator and Guntram Prufer. I saw the play three times in its Berlin (Schiller Theatre) production in 1956, and the memory of those performances makes it difficult for me to review the play now.

Even then there was something "puzzling" or paradoxical about it. It was scorned by the French when it was shown in Paris and my American friends there taunted me for admiring it. (They condemned it as a radio show.) True, it is no "play"; true also, it cannot be accepted as a dramatization of Tolstoy's book. (An adequate dramatization is almost unthinkable.) It is what I called it in *The Nation* at that time: "a diagram of the novel." It has "little flesh and blood," I wrote, "it contains a minimum of Russian color or Tolstoyan humanity."

For one thing the novel's aim extends far beyond the proclaimed purpose of this schematic German version, which is to show that war is a matter of chance, and more pedagogically to prove that war is wasteful, inhuman and ultimately pointless. I don't believe it "proves" any of these things. How then was it possible for me to admire it and return to it each time with undiminished satisfaction?

It is not a play but a *stage piece*. Its attraction owes little to literature and nearly everything to the theatre. It works as a kind of surprise entertainment of "the performing arts." Its lesson teaches us, not about "war and peace," but about the peculiar nature of the theatre. In this spectacle, in which a Narrator in modern clothes not only explains considerable parts of the action but questions and argues with the characters (in period dress)—a spectacle, moreover, in which the logistics of a battle we are presumably "witnessing" are demonstrated by toy soldiers which the Narrator places on the stage floor during a colloquy with the actor playing Pierre Bezuhov—we are taken in, held, even impressed.

The acting in the Berlin production, under Piscator who conceived it, was masterfully evocative. Unadorned dialogue, several simple details of characterization, the discreet sounding of essential tones within a constant shifting of spare scenic elements, and we were in a world that transcended these trifling tokens. This was a game, a trick, which for all its "Bauhaus" functionalism stirred in us a memory of Tolstoy's vast cosmos. It was a creation of striking skill in the manipulation of 20th-century theatrical means.

The A.P.A. commands neither the space nor the apparatus to attempt all that the sumptuously endowed Schiller Theatre was able to achieve. Still, Judith Haugan's décor and the director Ellis Rabb's use of it are a triumph of ingenuity in the employment of modest means to suggest an "epic" effect.

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The acting of the A.P.A. company could not possibly match Piscator's cast. I shall never forget the now deceased Erwin Kalser's Prince Bolkonski. (The part is well roared at the Phoenix.) He gave us a Prince whose great authority, hauteur, *ancien régime* intellectual distinction and immovability were rendered with a quiet delicacy. The formidable power of the man was made to seem impregnable by its very gentleness and silken ease.

Though by comparison the American company seems like an entirely sympathetic body of intelligent, capable, devoted students engaged in the representation of a world remote and foreign to them, they nevertheless manage to sustain a measure of the illusion wrought by the more mature and, through cultural endowment, better equipped Schiller Theatre ensemble.

I cannot be certain what a person who has never read Tolstoy would get from seeing the performance at the Phoenix, but I venture to say it might still be a worth-while experience. Those familiar with the book, if they know what not to expect, will find the evening one of genuine interest.

TARTUFFE

Julius Novick

At one point in this current production by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center (at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre), Molière's titular hypocrite is slapped, soundly and justifiably, in the face. Although he has just been caught trying to seduce the wife of his benefactor, Tartuffe (Michael O'Sullivan) assumes an expression of sickly, unctuous piety, and —carefully, elaborately, making sure that nobody, onstage or in the audience, could miss the significance— turns the other cheek.

This bit of pantomime is not in the script Molière has left us, but it grows naturally, not only out of the action, but also out of the theme of the play. It dramatizes the essence of hypocrisy, by showing in action that to use heavenly things for earthly purposes is blasphemy. (And, incidentally, it helps to make clear why *Tartuffe*, in its own time, was so profoundly shocking to so many godly men who could not distinguish between the artistic representation of blasphemy, and blasphemy itself.) The laughter evoked by this moment is an expression of feeling not only about the character and the situation but about the great issue with which Molière was concerned.

Most of the crucial scenes in William Ball's production, however—those in which Tartuffe himself appears—are funny only *in vacuo*. Mr. O'Sullivan's grotesque little Tartuffe, with stringy hair, buck teeth, chinless profile and knock-knees, is comic even when he is not doing very much of anything. Unfortunately, he is not often in that state of comparative repose. He woos Elmire with busy clumsiness, in the vaudevillian spirit of Jack Gilford goosing chorus girls as the mute King Sextimus in *Once Upon a Mattress*—except that Mr. O'Sullivan is anything but mute. He sobs, he shouts, he screeches inexhaustibly throughout the play, occasionally becoming inarticulate from sheer excess of effort.

Low comedy, of course, is far from antithetical to the theatre of Molière, which is deeply grounded in the *Commedia dell'Arte*—the Orpheum Circuit of the 17th century. And Mr. O'Sullivan's first wooing scene is very funny indeed. After that, however, the law of diminishing returns sets in. He is a talented clown; too bad we never get a real chance to see what he could accomplish in the way of quiet effects.

Worse still, the point of the play gets lost in his vociferations. This may be the only *Tartuffe* in theatrical history that hardly seems to be about hypocrisy at all. Perhaps an American audience would merely be bored by the famous *tirade* in which Tartuffe courts his ladylove in the vocabulary usually reserved for discourses addressed to God, or by that other famous *tirade* in which he explains that adultery is perfectly all right if an expert like himself is on hand to square things with Heaven. Perhaps, but Mr. Ball is taking no chances. The *tirades* are spoken—or screamed —but we do not attend to them; they are obscured by a continuous series of farcical elaborations.

As if aware that the core of the play is missing, Mr. Ball has taken great pains with its periphery. He seems to have gone for inspiration to Vermeer, and in collaboration with his designers (David Hays for the set, John Gleason for the lighting, Jane Greenwood for the costumes), has created warm, beautiful 17th-century genre pictures of his own, which are enhanced by Lee Hoiby's flute-and-harpsichord music. By skillful and lavish (sometimes overlavish) use of pantomime, employing three supernumerary servants, two pleasant children, and a babe in arms, Mr. Ball has evoked the life of the Orgon ménage as it can seldom have been evoked before. If only Tartuffe were not, for all the noise he makes, such an obvious weakling; if only he were not being played as a cute pet lizard, a praying mantis who couldn't kill a fly; if only we could believe, as the plot demands, that he represents a genuine menace to the household whose head he has so egregiously duped, we might really have come to care about the numerous, prosperous, lively, affectionate and attractive family that Mr. Ball has created.

Tartuffe is a comedy of bourgeois life, and in this production it is played as such, without an excess of mincing and flitting. Yet the cast almost never lapses into ordinary modernity. They speak Molière's couplets, in Richard Wilbur's rhymed translation, with a reasonable approximation of having been born to them; and they generally have the ability to make themselves seem at home in another century than our own, and in another theatrical convention than that of modern realism—an ability sorely lacking among American actors in general and, heretofore, among the Lincoln Center troupe in particular.

In fact, this production is not really the work of the old Lincoln Center Repertory company that we all knew and didn't love so well. True, it was planned, cast and put into rehearsal under the *ancien régime*, before Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan left the company in a blaze of acrimony. But Mr. Ball has not previously worked at this address, and neither have seven of the actors (including Mr. O'Sullivan) who dominate his cast. Are these new actors going to appear in other Lincoln Center Repertory productions, or have they been merely jobbed in for *Tartuffe*? The company could certainly use them.

Joyce Ebert, for instance, is the very model of a Molière ingénue, by turns pleasantly silly and delicately touching in her helplessness. Larry Gates, as the duped paterfamilias Orgon, is unimaginative and stolid, but thoroughly paterfamilial; Sada Thompson is a bit too resolutely cheerful, but satisfactory nevertheless, as the hardheaded, sympathetic serving maid. Among the veteran members of the company, Salome Jens is graciousness itself as Orgon's beleaguered wife, and Patricia Roe renders an imaginatively conceived and well-executed sketch of a grandmother skilled in emotional blackmail. Only one adenoidal actor fleetingly and faintly reminds us how bad *The Changeling* was.

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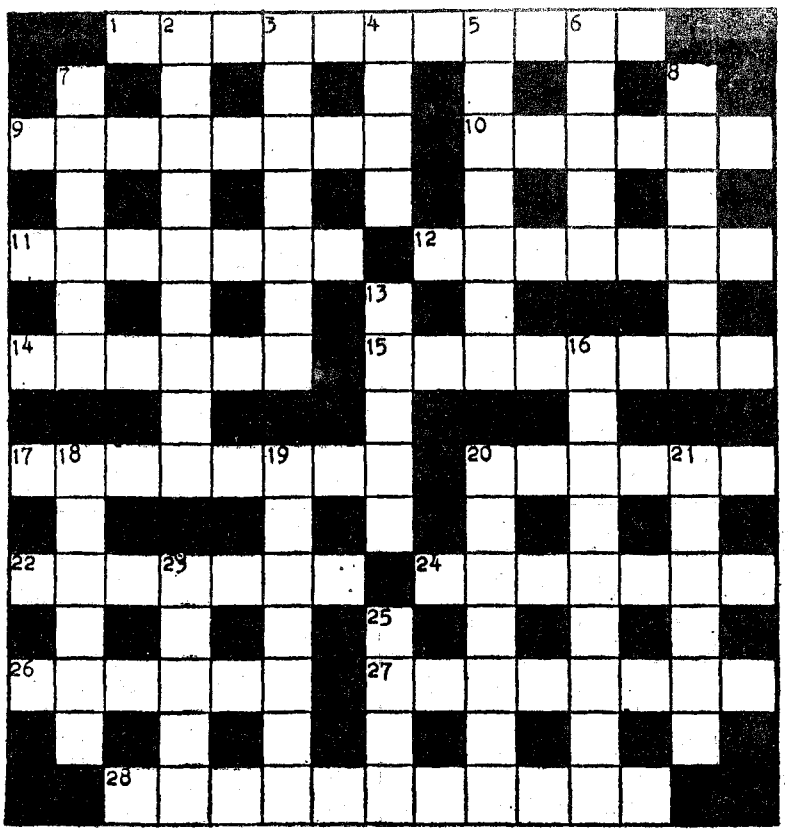
Crossword Puzzle No. 1091

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 These should be good for at least one admission each. (11)
9 The plant has no business being so! (4, 4)
10 On the surface, good intentions, if bound down. (6)
11 Possibly an element of danger in races when a wreck occurs. (7)
12 Is one sometimes put out by such an offensive hint? (4, 3)
14 With this, things have to be nearly seen to be appreciated. (6)
15 An irregular way of coveting. (4, 4)
17 Nuclear H material for a starter, when it comes to rocketry. (8)
20 In a manner not well done, or at least very seldom? (6)
22 Gray did very well! (7)
24 With two on you, you might hope a 12 isn't held to be responsible for many a 9 (7)
26 See 8 down
27 Of doubtful propriety. (3-5)
28 A lad's description is a matter of course. (6, 5)

DOWN:

2 See 4 down
3 Mis-laid for the state many like to find themselves in during winter. (7)
4, 2 and 25 down The air of a vagabond, according to Walt. (4, 2, 3, 4, 4)
5 Burst in, in spirited vein. (7)
6 A new kind of romance? (5)
7 Somewhat short, and about to make a mistake with the drink. (6)
8 and 26 American red adder, which makes its appearance fairly late in the year. (6, 6)
13 White or green growth found around it. (5)
16 Macaronic? Macaronic! (It might spread dangerously.) (9)
18 The change exemplified in sing sang, sung, song—to be adjacent to a note in the middle. (6)
19 Chances are? (7)
20 Cordial results, at a fair split-up. (7)
21 Base falsehood? Quite the opposite, so go into hiding! (3, 3)
23 Such sound should be as thick as mud! (5)
24 See 4 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1090

ACROSS: 1 and 18 down Armed forces; 4 Knife-edge; 9 Falsifies; 10 Galop; 11 Check stub; 12 Eerie; 13 Snare drums; 17 Amanuensis; 21 Prior; 22 Evaporate; 23 Plain; 24 Loincloth; 25 Stevenson; 26 Speed. DOWN: 1 Affect; 2 Miller; 3 Drinks; 4 Knitting needles; 5 Insubordination; 6 Egg-heads; 7 Dolorous; 8 Espresso; 14 Bagpipes; 15 Badinage; 16 Outrange; 19 Parole; 20 Method.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014.

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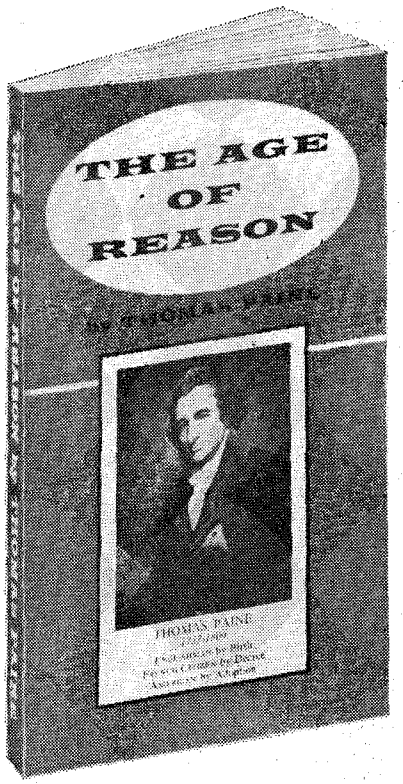

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